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The Sketch

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18th CENTURY PROPHECY

The time will come, when thou shalt lift
thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies,
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying fleets of wond'rous birds.
England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her
sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet on high shall bear,
And reign, the sovereign of the conquered
air.

(*Translated from Gray's 'Luna Habitabilis', Cambridge* 1737)

Make it come true! Just two hundred years ago this remarkable vision of the war in the air was written down in Latin verse by the great English poet who composed the famous 'Elegy'. To make Great Britain 'Sovereign of the conquered air' is now our task. There is no time to 'stare at the flying fleets', we must exert all our energies to increase them. Everyone must help. You can help with money. Save every shilling you can and lend it to the Nation!

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The Sketch

No. 2504—Vol. CXCIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1941. ONE SHILLING.

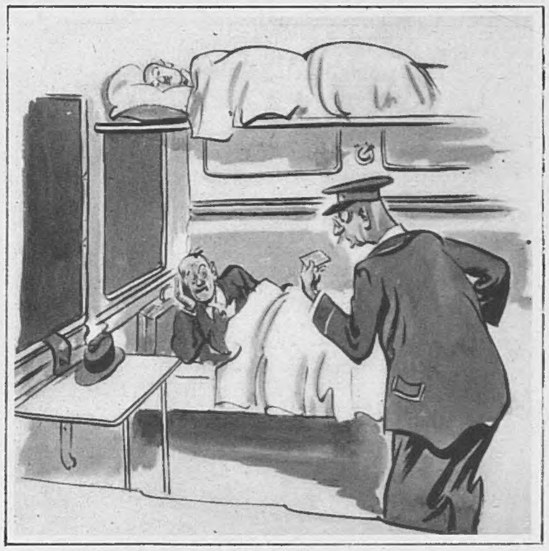
PACIFIC PORTRAIT OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, *here sunning herself by the blue Pacific, can only enjoy such relaxation for very short spells. When the snap was taken she had just finished "Arise, My Love," and was having a short holiday before starting on "Skylark." "Arise, My Love" is the new Paramount picture which is to follow "North-West Mounted Police," at the Carlton. Claudette takes the part of a foreign correspondent who falls in love with an American aviator, played by Ray Milland.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

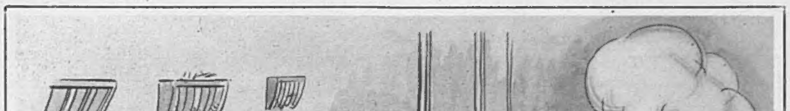
Nosebag or Saucepan? My theme is porridge. It is not, perhaps, a subject rich in romantic possibilities; it has never, so far as I know, moved poets (not even Burns) to great utterance; but if it is good enough for the Food Controller (I mean the subject, not necessarily the porridge) it is good enough for you and me. Lord Woolton's point is simple but sound—porridge is nourishing and cheap; then why not eat it? "Why *not*?" replies the harassed householder. "Because, my Lord, before you can eat porridge you have to cook it. Can *you* cook porridge, my Lord?" Let us not press the point. The Food Controller may or may not belong to the class of exceptionally gifted mortals who can cook porridge—a class which does *not* include the ordinary domestic cook. It is because porridge-craft is so rare that America has solved the problem by dispensing with the process of cooking altogether. Hence the reign of the "cereal," the "breakfast food," the "predigested" and all those matutinal roughages which ought really to be eaten out of a nose-bag. All excellent, no doubt, in their own way, all Sunny-Jim-making, and great time-savers at a meal which, for most people, is seldom leisurely, but Lord Woolton's thesis is that nearly all of them have to be wafted across the high seas, whereas porridge (so to say) grows on every blackberry-bush. Then why not (in a manner of speaking) gather it while ye may?



"'Ere—this season is for a sleeper in the Tube!"

DRAWN BY GEORGE TERNANT.

Pot Luck. Though myself an addict of the nosebag variety of breakfast food, I admit the force of the argument, and must, I suppose, reform my morning routine. But I wish porridge were as simple as it sounds. Never mind about all the Caledonian ritual—I don't need to pace up and down the room, and refer to it in the plural, and shower salt all over it, in order to make my porridge edible; I dare say they have a good reason for these strange and gruesome rites in Scotland, but I do not pretend to fathom them, any more than I pretend to fathom a haggis. If Frenchmen eat frogs and snails, and savages eat roasted snakes, I suppose there is no reason why Scotsmen should not eat haggis and salt-encrusted porridge. But all *I*, a simple Sassenach, ask of my porridge is that (*a*) it should contain a certain proportion of oatmeal in between the lumps, and (*b*) that it should be hot from the pot. Can Lord Woolton please tell me where I can get porridge like that? Can he also tell me whether there is, in a sinful world, any substance more loathworthy than thick, tepid, glutinous porridge? It is as cold, as dismal as unrequited love. Let the women of this nation only learn to treat an oat decently, and I am with you, my Lord; but until then I must beg leave to crop the corn-flake, nibble the grape-nut and browse among the all-bran.



"I understand she was a cinema-usherette!"

DRAWN BY GEORGE TERNANT.

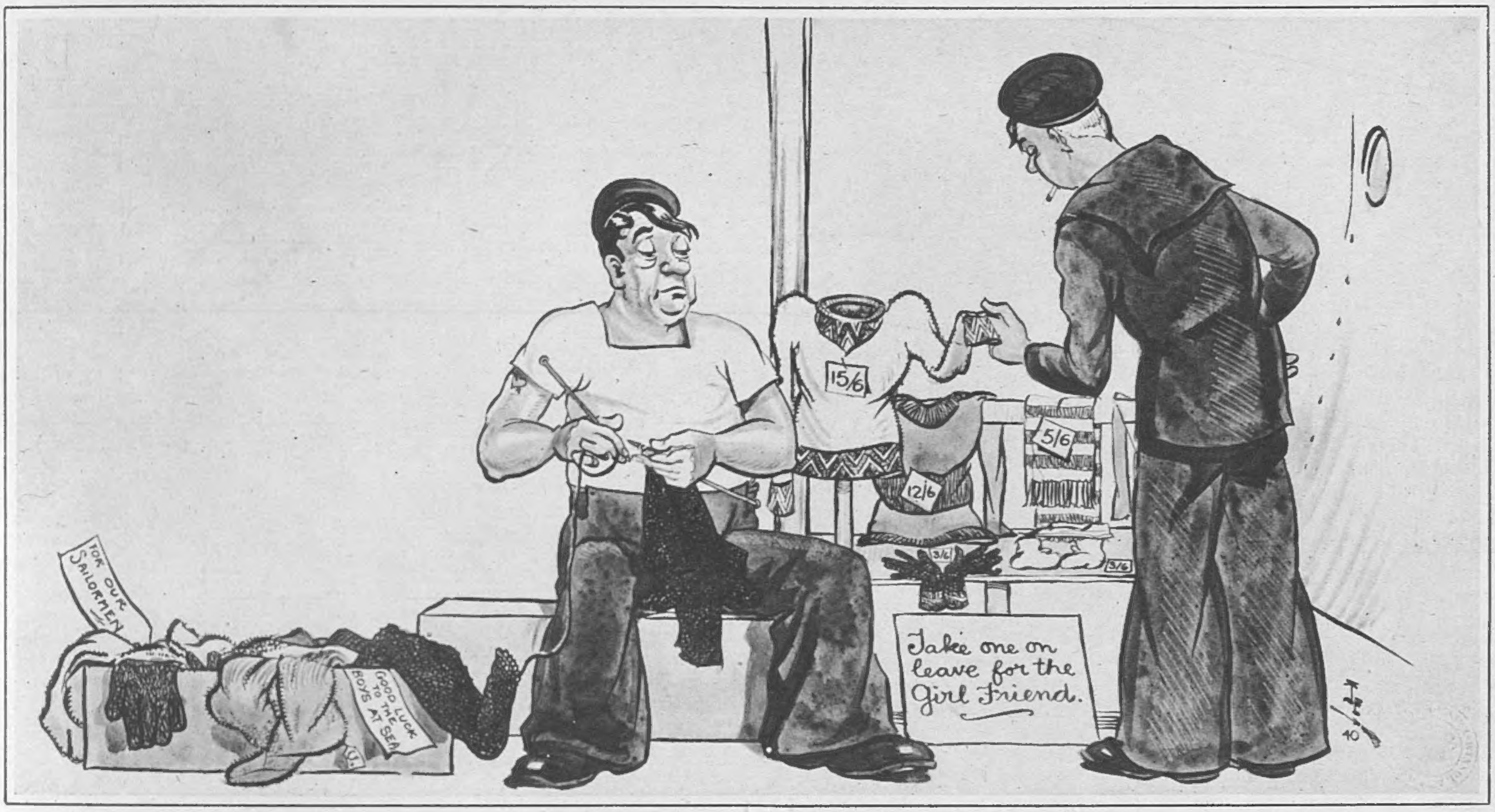
The Wrecker of Homes. I admit that it is one advantage of oatmeal (among many, no doubt) that you don't need a tin-opener to deal with it. "Go easy with the tin-opener!" says our Food-Führer. And very right, too, for the tin-opener, intemperately used, may become a lethal weapon. Go to the ant, thou sluggard (and extravagant) housewife—does *he* use a tin-opener? Here again, I fear, is the same weakness as in the predigested breakfast fodder—let somebody else do the cooking for you! A pardonable frailty, perhaps, when both life and rations are short; but there is no doubt that, even in peacetime, the tin-opener has been the ruin of domestic economy in thousands of British homes. I don't know who first began to imprison foodstuffs in airtight tins; he was an ingenious fellow, whoever he was, for I must confess that it is the last thing that I should ever have thought of doing with a sardine or a salmon or an ox-tongue. Many a time has one had occasion, in appropriate circumstances, to bless the name of this genius; many a time has he saved his fellow-creatures from hunger and even starvation; but, like all labour-savers, he has not been an entirely unmixed blessing. Anyhow, it is certain that not even in peace, and still less in war, can man live by the tin-opener alone: and there seem to be a good many people who have not yet grasped that simple truth.

What to Do With Our Girls. Every day of war brings further evidences of the unsuspected, the astonishing, the terrifying versatility of the "gentler" sex. If this sort of thing goes on, there won't be any sexes at all after the war—which would probably save a great deal of trouble, but many reactionaries would regard it as a pity. Have you heard of the new profession of "L.S."? The letters seem familiar somehow, but in this case there is no concluding "D," and an L.S. is simply a "Lady Sweep." The enterprise has been founded by a resourceful matron of Gillingham, Kent. When the chimney smoked, there was no sweep to be had, and Father, half-choked, threatened to get some brushes and do the Blue Pencil thing himself. Mother wasn't going to have that, partly because of woman's natural instinct of self-sacrifice, and partly because she foresaw the state of the room after Father's encounter with the enemy. So she did the job herself, with such efficiency and success that her ambition was stimulated to more extensive efforts. To-day she and her sister-in-law, clad in smart and businesslike uniform, have a large and fashionable practice, at 2s. per chimney and at about twenty chimneys per day. Where women of softer stuff anoint their faces with creams and unguents, these Amazons streak their faces with soot, which they find is the best form of publicity and, indeed, the only way of convincing the public that there are really Lady Sweeps in the world. And yet I read that one of them is "five-foot-nothing and very slim." *Quid furens femina possit!*

Ups and Downs of Life. Meanwhile, the L.C., or Lady Conductors, seem to be doing nicely. Two thousand Bus Girls now trip up and down the spiral staircases, and another five thousand will probably, before long, join the ranks of what the ancient Greeks used to call Hoplites. An official specification for the ideal Conductress has been issued. It is interesting as a guide to perfect womanhood: "25 years old. 5 ft. 6 in. tall. Nine stone in weight. Smartly groomed. Enough make-up—not too much. Well spoken. Good at arithmetic." Is it conceivable that a woman of such charms and talents should be collecting fares, instead of adorning the home and rocking the cradle? If so, it speaks ill for our embattled youth. Observe—"enough make-up—not too much." Yes, but what is enough and what is too much? There are various schools of thought. Height and weight are about welter class, for there are obvious reasons why length

and breadth are important considerations in a bus—reasons, I regret to observe, which make most cooks unsuitable candidates. It is not surprising to learn that only one applicant in ten comes up to the exacting standard. Their official duties seem to cover a wide range. "So far," says one recruit of three weeks' standing, "I have had one drunken passenger and one who had a fit in the bus, but I dealt with both of them quite successfully." I am quite sure she did! I wonder which is worse—a passenger who takes a fit or a passenger who produces a pound-note for a twopenny fare?

Fire-Eaters. Even from their earliest years our womenfolk are growing up determined to make this a land fit for heroines. The boy who stood on the burning deck would never have made a very efficient member of the A.F.S., as he seems to have preferred martyrdom to fire-fighting. Very different would have been the policy of twelve-year-old Barbara Horn, of Bristol. Dressed for a party, she ran into a neighbour's house and contemptuously extinguished an incendiary bomb by just stamping on it. Her blood up, she then disposed of seven others—and then, no doubt, she went on to her party, and I hope it was a very good party, and I shouldn't blame her if she did herself rather well with the confectionery.



Naval reconstruction. (DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.)

Fire is as fierce a challenge as any known to man, and there seems to be scarcely any limit to the spirit and adventurousness with which the challenge is taken up. Do you realise, as you languidly watch the news-reel from your plushy tip-up, that men have gone—often quite literally—through fire and water for your entertainment? Within twelve hours of the Fire of London, a grimly detailed and realistic print was on its way to America. The two camera-men who got it seem to have been composed of asbestos throughout, but even so, there was little of them which was not charred, singed or soaked by the time they got home from that night of hell. Truly, daring has many aspects, passive as well as active!

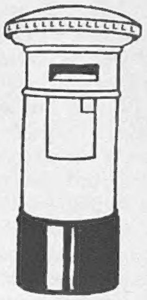
Whoa! The prophet Jeremiah and the writer of Lamentations have, up to the present time, enjoyed an almost unrivalled reputation for woe-wailing; but a hot competitor has now arisen in Signor Ansaldo. The fall of Bardia has prompted him to call down more woes on the Italian people than have ever fallen on any nation since the ancient Israelites. There is woe for the "heedless," woe for wicked people in cafés who do not burn with desire to defy the Australians, woe for middle-aged men who do not weep with rage because they are not carrying rifles "as in the spring of their youth," woe to those who on hearing the sad news from Libya "have not felt their hearts suffocate with anxiety and curiosity," and woe even to those who can go about their affairs in an ordinary way without wringing their hands or rending their garments or "passing five minutes in silence in the secret of their hearts." In fact, there seems to be woe for everybody, with one exception—I do not notice that there is any woe for the Duce who, in his wisdom, forced on his country the occasion for all this ululation.

Going Pagan. The Quisles are still a-Quisling in Norway, and their latest popular move is to revive the ancient pagan festivals. They propose to worship the sun three times a year at Party Rallies. It seems to me a good idea and I envy the party its privileges. If anybody will produce enough sun in England, I will worship it three times a year or, if necessary, three times a day, and I will join almost any party to do it. Otherwise, pagan festivals don't seem much of a catch in England. There are still a few Druids about—in fact, there is an Ancient Order of them, but it has never been my privilege to attend one of their festivals; I am sure, however, that they are not at all pagan, but highly respectable. There are Bards in Wales, and I have heard them singing to the harp; I never saw anything quite so saintly and venerable as their flowing beards and slumberwear drapery, but their *Penillion* music was almost more than I could bear, because singing to the harp always strikes me as a trifle—well, as a trifle *premature* (though, of course, it may not be so in Wales). It isn't easy to be pagan in England. No doubt we could all go and hold rallies at Stonehenge, but then nobody knows exactly what happened at Stonehenge, and the gaiety might be somewhat forced. No; paganism doesn't stand much chance in this *blasé* country. Most of us don't even know who the Brython gods were—Thor and Freya and that lot were importations, weren't they? Another sign of our lack of real national feeling!

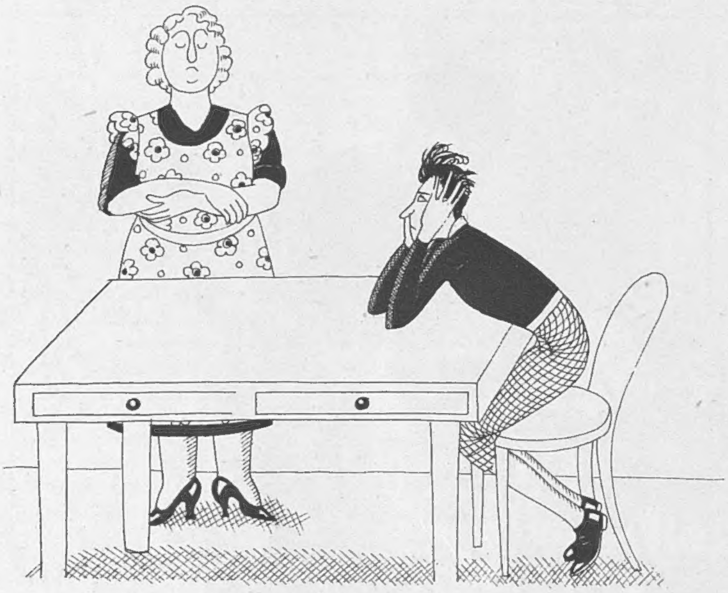
Sweetness and Light. Do you manage to get any golf these days? I don't suppose so; war has no respect for things either sacred or profane, and a German airman would drop a bomb in the middle of the fairway with almost as little compunction as on a munitions factory. However, you may, like myself, occasionally take a feeble swipe at the ball, just to remind yourself that the game still exists, and if so, you probably find that the war and the state of human affairs generally have not improved your handicap. The remedy is easy. Chew barley-sugar. Suck a toffee-apple. Munch a bull's-eye. An American researcher has discovered that "after lunch the blood sugar of the players dropped to hypoglycæmic levels between the ninth and fifteenth holes in a foursome and between the eleventh and fifteenth holes in a twosome." What is needed is "more ketogenic types of lunch" (*e.g.*, treacle tart followed by jam roly-poly) and "the eating of sugar or candy at the seventh or ninth hole." So now you know. But I think there must be something wrong in the calculations somewhere. I have known my blood sugar drop to unprecedented hypoglycæmic levels quite irrespective of diet, and I attribute this to the peculiar influence of gorse, heather and sand, to all of which I am definitely allergic. In any case, will the learned doctor tell me where I am to obtain the sugar, candy, all-day suckers, or other aids to Golf without Tears? I wish he would let me into *that* secret! The younger members of my family would like to know.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Evensong says that now "Awfuls" are rationed we shall have to put our Thinking Caps on when ordering the meals. Personally, I have always had to put my Thinking Cap on when ordering meals, even in the days of plenty, and I don't consider the morning's agony in the kitchen any worse now than it was then. In some ways it is better. What housewife has not felt shame when, with the foodstuffs of the world at her disposal, she has, after ten minutes' deep thought, said, "And then, I think, we'll have a rice pudding"?



"When ordering meals."

To-day the daily ordering of meals has become a sort of game, in which the Housewife makes the moves and the Cook says "Check!"

HOUSEWIFE: And afterwards we will have pancakes.

COOK (*triumphantly*): No lemons, Madam!

H.W.: Then we'll have apple fritters.

COOK: I'm afraid I couldn't spare an egg for the batter, Madam.

H.W.: What about a macaroni cheese?

COOK (*with glee*): There's not a bit of cheese in the place!

H.W. (*warming up*): Sardines on toast.

COOK (*smugly*): Well, Madam, we've got some, but we *have* been asked not to open tinned foods, haven't we? Of course, if you really *want* sardines——

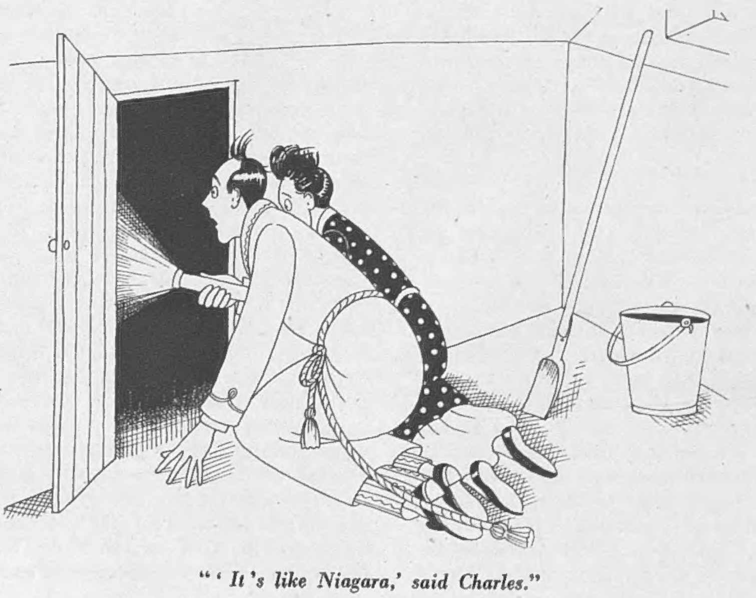
H.W.: No, no. We won't have sardines. What about a plum duff?

COOK (*sarcastically*): Of course, if you don't mind having it without any currants——

H.W. (*loudly*): Then we'll have a Nice Rice Pudding.

This is the K.O. for Cook, who retires muttering.

They say that oatmeal is to become our staple diet from now onwards. Charles, who has never allowed a spoonful of porridge to pass his lips, received the news without enthusiasm. Mrs. Savernack, on the other hand, is extremely elated at the prospect. Mrs. Savernack had a Scots grandmother, and is a good deal more Hieland than most. On St. Andrew's Day she drapes a piece of plaid ribbon across her chest and makes Mr. Savernack eat haggis, so naturally the word oatmeal fell like music on her ears, and she began telling us how the Scots won all their battles on a little oatmeal mixed with cold water. Charles said they had probably preferred death to living on that sort of food, and had hurled themselves into the forefront of the battle.



"'It's like Niagara,' said Charles."

Yesterday our pipes burst. The first I knew of it was being woken up at seven o'clock in the morning by cold water dripping on my face.

"Charles," I said, "the pipes have burst."

"Nonsense," said Charles, and then some water dripped on his face, and he sat up and said a word that I wouldn't care to write down here.

We went upstairs to the attic and opened a small door which leads to a sort of cave under the roof, where we had a vague idea the mischief was at work, and peered in. It was very dark and smelled of cobwebs, and the sound of rushing waters could be heard.

"It's like Niagara," said Charles, in an awe-struck whisper.

"I think we ought to try and stop it, don't you?"

"In you go," said Charles. "You are more the ferret build than I am."

"In there, Charles?"

"Yes," said Charles cheerfully. "Here's a torch, and be careful to tread on the rafters, otherwise your foot may go through, and you'll break your leg."

I crept in. Almost at once a large, soft, clinging cobweb spread across my face, and I screamed.

"What's the matter?" said Charles.

"It's a cobweb."

"Well, it won't hurt you."

"No. And it will come in handy to stop the bleeding if I happen to cut myself," I said bitterly, and penetrated a little further into the blackness. A jet of cold water spurted down my neck.

"Got it?" said Charles.

"Yes and no," I said.

"This is no time for your habitual vagueness, Henrietta," said Charles sternly.

"Mrs. Savernack had a Scots grandmother."

Soon I found the leak, and stopped it by putting my thumb over it.

"Splendid," said Charles. "Hang on while I telephone for a plumber."

"Charles!"

"Hullo."

"What was the name of the Dutch boy who put his finger in the hole in the dyke?"

"I don't know," said Charles. "Van-something, probably."

"Charles!"

"I say, don't keep me, Old Girl. I'm late as it is."

"Did he die?"

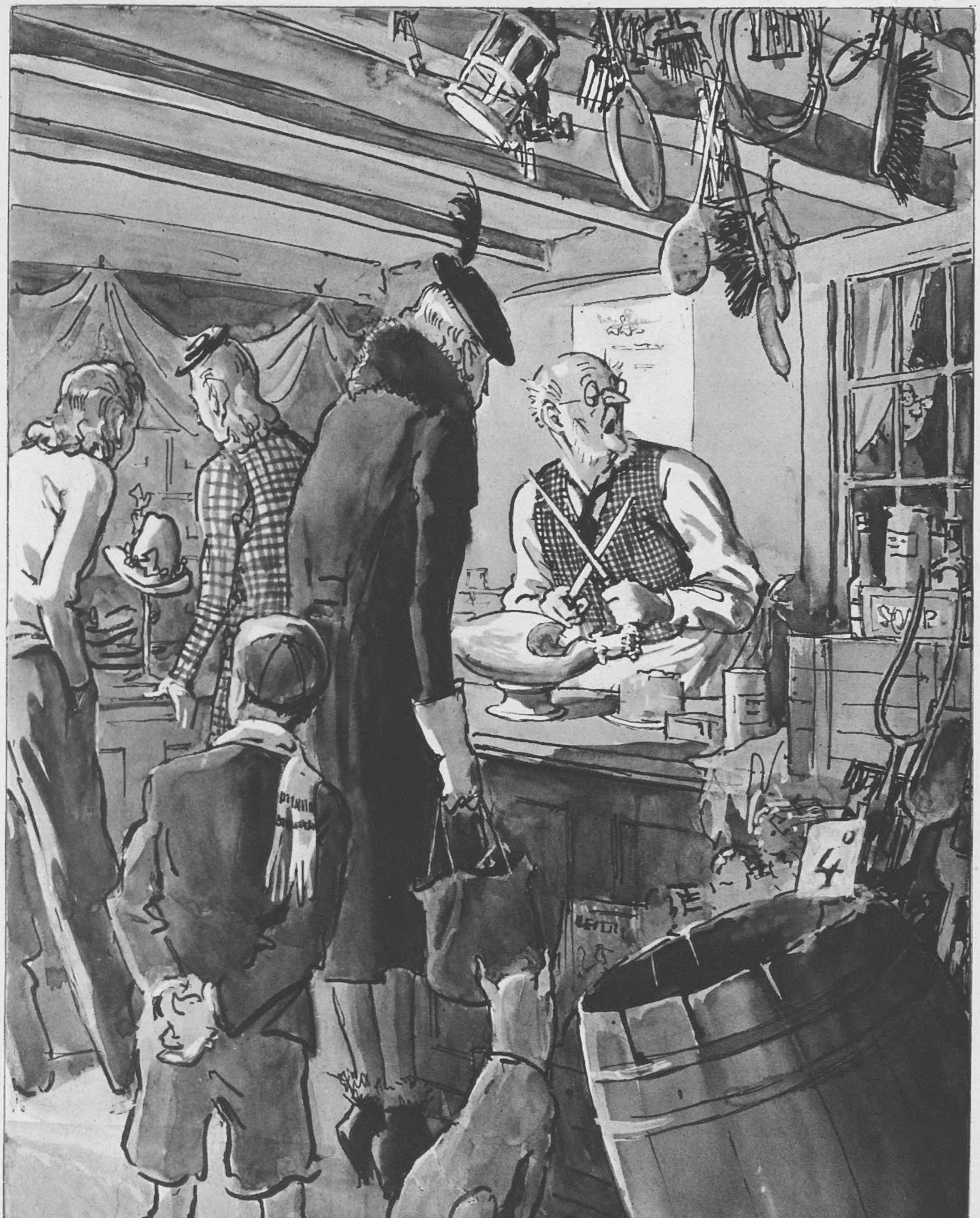
"I don't think so. He became a sort of national hero."

"Oh, I see."

It was very cold in the roof, and by the time the plumber arrived my thumb was quite numb from being held over the hole. When I got downstairs, I found Charles had had his bath and breakfast and gone.

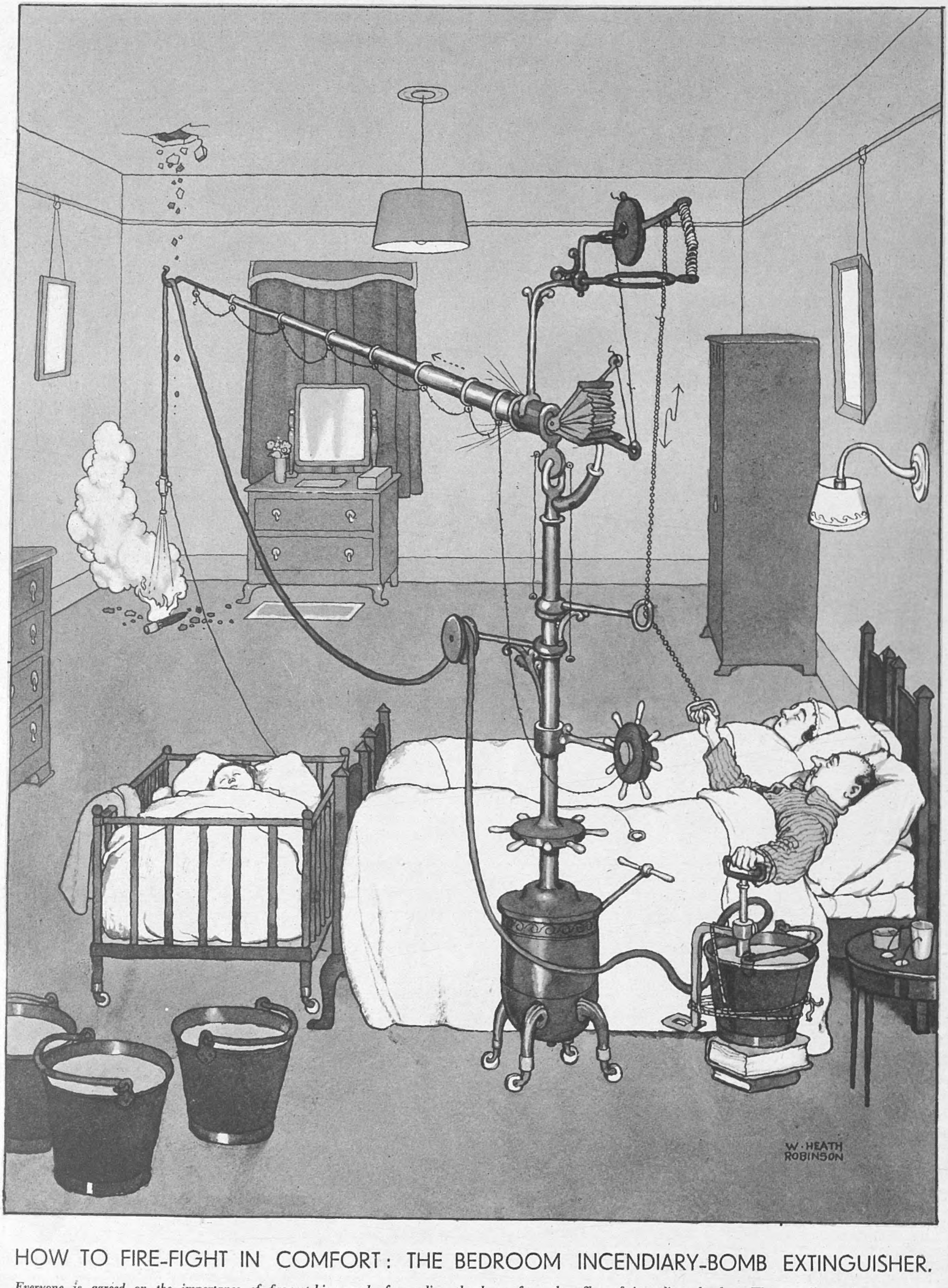
Then Matins took me round the house, and proudly showed me all the wet patches on the ceilings.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.



ENGLAND "GOES TO IT." "MILLINERY FORWARD!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HOW TO FIRE-FIGHT IN COMFORT: THE BEDROOM INCENDIARY-BOMB EXTINGUISHER.

Everyone is agreed on the importance of fire-watching, and of guarding the home from the effect of incendiary bombs. We are all equally unanimous in considering that the necessity for sitting up all night is far from agreeable, so this splendid new W. Heath Robinson invention for effectively dealing with incendiary bombs from your bed itself is likely to be received with general acclamation!

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY—EDWARDIAN.

Upholstered and braided in baroque Edwardian manner, LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY *twiddles two carnations as she sits pensively with her Pekingese. The tableau breathes the quiet times of "Edward the Peacemaker," and goes back to days when we didn't expect to wake up to a time-bomb in the village street or H.E. in the neighbourhood. The costume is a period piece "prop" belonging to Mr. Beaton. A fascinating collection of letters edited by Nancy Mitford, "The Stanleys of Alderley; Their Letters Between the Years 1851-1865," was published last year by Chapman and Hall.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

RELIGION and religious beliefs are not generally favoured as subjects for the cinema, but it just happens that chance has thrown up two new films this week with a strong flavour of sectarianism. The first, "BRIGHAM YOUNG" (Regal), is a sympathetic and often very stirring account of the Mormon people, their early persecutions, and their long trek across a continent to find a place where they can worship as they please and live unmolested. The story begins in Illinois, where the Mormons, under the leadership of their prophet and founder, Joseph Smith (Vincent Price), have built themselves a prosperous city. But their neighbours cannot tolerate their presence, and every night ride out to raid them. Smith is arrested for treason, and lynched by an angry mob in the jail-house. Brigham Young, tall, fanatic, frontiersman (Dean Jagger), takes upon himself the mantle of the prophet, and sets out to lead his people west to find the promised land.

After many hardships and trials, the Mormons at last cross the Rockies, and settle down in Salt Lake Valley. Here they build their new homes and plant their crops, but the curse, it seems, is still upon them. A black, hard winter brings starvation. They live through to the mellow days again, only to find that swarms of crickets have settled on their crops and are busily devouring them. Stricken by this fresh catastrophe, Brigham Young begins to question his own place as leader. God, he feels, is chastening him for having snatched the mantle of the prophet. He prays, and his prayers are miraculously answered by flocks of seagulls, which settle on the crickets and destroy them. The Mormons are saved.

"Brigham Young" is a memorable film, reminiscent at its best of "The Grapes of Wrath," "The Good Earth" and "The Covered Wagon." If it is not quite as good as any of these great predecessors, the fault is probably in the conventional love-story between the Mormon lieutenant (Tyrone Power) and the orphan unbeliever (Linda Darnell), which is apt to obtrude on the main theme and slow up the action. The film is at its best when it sticks to the rigours of the great trek, when it lets the camera do its job while the voice of Brigham Young describes the journey in an off-screen commentary to the Almighty. In everything he says and does, stage-actor Dean Jagger is sincere, authoritative and moving.

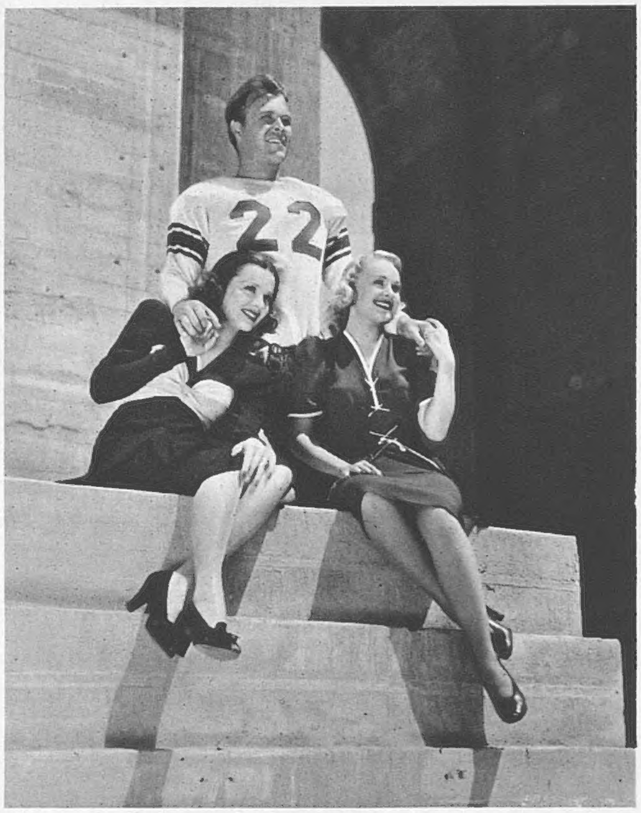
And what, you will ask—for you must have read the same lurid books as I did when you were young—about those plural wives? Well, this most colourful aspect of early Mormonism is scarcely touched upon. Of Brigham Young's home comforts, only twelve are mentioned, only two are shown, and only one (Mary Astor), for the purposes of the film, is really operative. The troubled question of polygamy is never allowed to shadow the romance of Mr. Power and Miss Darnell. The film makes no issue of polygamy, and such rare references as there are to it are made in a cautious, if slightly humorous tone.

The other film of the week to touch on matters of belief is "SPELLBOUND" (London Pavilion). This is a British film based on the old Robert Benson book, "The Necromancers." The subject is the vexed one of spiritualism. Is it an out-and-out indictment of spiritualism? Frankly, I don't know. The book was. The book represented the views of a sincere Catholic on a system that seemed to him essentially dangerous.

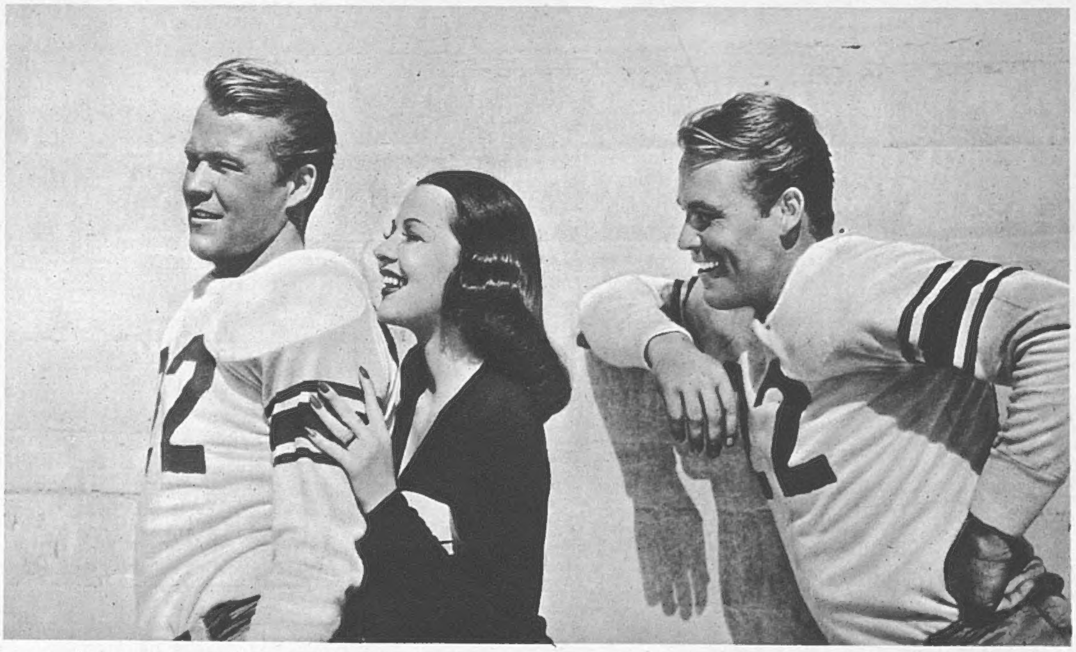
I should have said, offhand, that the film had the same implications. Its general effect was to discourage me very formidably from any dealings with spirits. I should not have thought that Spiritualists at large would have hugged it to their bosoms with any great enthusiasm. Yet the film has had an odd career. It was delayed for weeks before the British Board of Censors would give it a certificate. That it was passed eventually by the Board was due almost entirely to the kind offices of Mr. Hannen Swaffer, a noted Spiritualist. Mr. Swaffer has also spoken a foreword to the picture. It is a surprising gesture, and one which makes one look more closely at the film's intentions. Does Mr. Swaffer find some support for his faith in "Spellbound," something that is not obvious to the unskilled unbeliever? Or does he merely believe that a creed that can dish it out must be prepared to take it too?

The story is about a running Blue at Cambridge (Derek Farr) who is in love with a little shopgirl (Diana King). The girl, a delicate and neurotic type, dies, and the young man tries to find her again through the medium of Spiritualism. Against the advice of his tutor, his friends and his family, he attends a séance, where her spirit apparently materialises. In the shock of the moment, in the delirious terror of nearly touching her, he goes out of his mind. The suggestion is, if I understand the story right, that a lower spirit, an evil spirit, has appeared in the form of the girl and taken possession of him. Fortunately, there is another girl at hand, a county miss (Vera Lindsay), who wrestles for his soul and finally brings him back to sanity.

This page is obviously no place in which to discuss the moral of "Spellbound." For one thing, as I have said, I am not very clear about its moral. What does emerge from the picture, clear and strong, is that little Miss King, given discipline and half a chance, might become a good screen actress. She is very small, very neat, with a look of Wendy Hiller about her. Miss Lindsay, I fear, is not just the easiest type for pictures. Mr. Farr improves under stress, and towards the end works up quite a pretty Marius Goring neurosis. But the film's great loss is that Miss King must die so soon.



Paramount's new film, "The Quarterback," has a two-in-one star— WAYNE MORRIS, *who plays a pair of identical twins—Jimmy and Bill Jones.* LILLIAN CORNELL *is on the left, and* VIRGINIA DALE, *as Kay Merrill, the heroine, on the right. Jimmy Jones is shy, sincere; Bill athletic and devil-may-care. Bill gets into debt and Jim pays. Jim is given an athletic scholarship on the score of a mighty kick given by Bill. So they enter into a deal together. Jimmy studies and Bill plays football, and they Box and Cox throughout their studies, deceiving everyone to their own advantage.*



Jimmy and Bill Jones (WAYNE MORRIS) *with* LINDA CORNELL *as the co-ed Kay, who eventually finds happiness with Jim after the twins have wallowed in a complicated career of deception.*

LONDON'S GAY WOODEN SHOP WINDOWS!

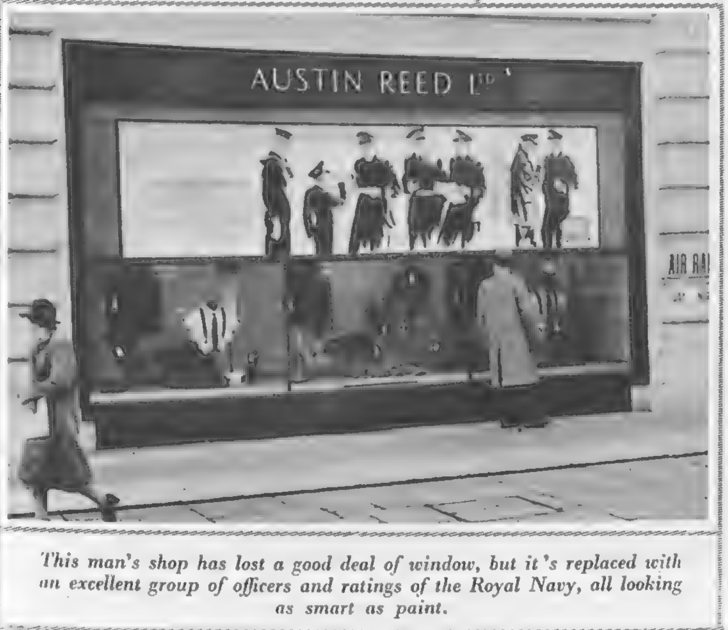
The plate glass was "blitzed" out of this florist's window, but it looks decorative with one tiny square of glass and the picture of a bride with her bouquet painted on the boarding.

A painted Victorian canopy adorns the wooden boards which replace the expanse of glass which was blown away from the Red Cross shop.

This scroll and coat of arms is not only a decorative plate-glass replacement, but gives useful information to customers.

It was an excellent idea on the part of this piano and music shop to recall the Victorian days by having a conversation piece painted on its wooden window.

Some shops which still have unshattered windows have adopted window-guards. The pictured lady adds life to the display of handbags.



This man's shop has lost a good deal of window, but it's replaced with an excellent group of officers and ratings of the Royal Navy, all looking as smart as paint.

And even in wartime the gaiety and grace of these two girls in their ball dresses will tempt women to go and buy wisely at the winter sale whose boarded "window" they adorn.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL AND MR. JAMES INNES.

The HON. PAMELA BERRY *and the* HON. MRS. LANGTON ILIFFE, *formerly Miss Renée Merandon du Plessis.*

Right: MISS DELIA INNES *(right) and* LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE *were two of the three bridesmaids. They wore scarlet velvet dresses.*

MRS. ALARIC RUSSELL, MISS VAN RAALTE, *the* HON. PRISCILLA SCOTT-ELLIS, LADY ANN ELLIOT, *and* MR. SLESSOR *(l. to r.).*

LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS, *sister of the Earl of Normanton, and* LADY SMILEY, *wife of Sir Hugh Smiley, Bt.*

SIR GEORGE FRANCKENSTEIN, *formerly Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and* LADY FRANCKENSTEIN.

The marriage of the HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL, *daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, and of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, to* MR. JAMES INNES, *Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Colonel J. A. Innes, took place at the Guards' Chapel.*

The HON. MRS. RICHARD BETHELL, *mother of the bride (left), with* COLONEL LORD TEMPLEMORE *and* LADY TEMPLEMORE.

The cheerful send-off! MR. JAMES *and the* HON. MRS. INNES *leaving the Marchioness of Cambridge's house, where the small reception was held, for their wedding trip.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARLIP.

V.A.D. GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, *only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, recently celebrated her coming-of-age at a quiet family gathering at Brantridge Park, the seat of the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada, but at present occupied by her grandmother, H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. This marked the end of a short holiday for Lady Iris, as on the following day she went back to her duties as a nurse at the East Grinstead Hospital. It is expected that Lady Iris Mountbatten's engagement to Captain Hamilton Keyes O'Malley, Irish Guards, son of the late Major Middleton O'Malley-Keyes, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, will shortly be announced.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ACTING-CORPORAL JOAN HEARN-AVIS, M.M., W.A.A.F.—*for so gallantly sticking to her telephones throughout a fierce air bombardment.*

THIS BRITISH SAILOR—*for keeping a shelling analysis of the British attack on Bardia.*

DURING the bombardment of Bardia, one of the sailors kept a "score card" as British shells crashed on the shore.

ONE of the prettiest dresses at the Fashion Show and Display of Fabrics typical of each wool manufacturing area of Great Britain was of fine printed wool. The design was printed from blocks nearly one hundred years old, which show the fine skill of the British craftsmen of that date.

THE Military Medal has been conferred on ACTING-CORPORAL JOAN HEARN-AVIS, W.A.A.F. The "London Gazette" states that, during an enemy air attack, several heavy bombs fell alongside a block where she was working alone controlling telephones. Every window was blown in, and one of the main walls of two rooms was badly cracked. Throughout, Corporal Hearn-Avis remained at her post in a building which threatened to collapse.

WHEN an R.A.F. bomber returned one afternoon from a trip over enemy territory, it "dropped in" on a home aerodrome just as a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen was serving out tea.

FLIGHT LIEUT. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, R.A.F., is one of the first two night fighters to be decorated for their work in shooting down night bombers. He has been awarded the D.F.C. for having in the last three months carried out twenty-five night sorties, during which he has destroyed two enemy bombers and made seven interceptions. He is twenty-three, is known by the nickname of "Cat's-eyes," and believes in eating carrots to keep his eyesight keen—a taste which Lord Woolton, we need hardly add, most highly approves.

SUB-LIEUT. THOMAS SCOTT CREE, a former Cambridge Boat Race Blue, and now an officer in the Royal Australian Naval Volunteer Reserve, has been awarded the D.S.C. for courage, enterprise and devotion to duty in contact with the enemy.

THIS MEMBER OF AN R.A.F. BOMBER CREW—*for dropping in in time for tea.*

SUB-LIEUT. T. S. CREE—*for being a "Wavy Navy" old Cambridge Blue D.S.C.*

THIS MANNEQUIN—*for her 100-year-old designs for 1941 chic.*

FLIGHT LIEUT. JOHN CUNNINGHAM, R.A.F., D.F.C.—*for being the carrot-eating, night-fighting ace.*

"THE NAVY IS HERE!"

You can almost hear the cheers, so vivid is this impression of officers and ratings of the Royal Navy in a moment of splendid exhilaration! The picture is one of the fine photographs in the exhibition of pictorial work by the camera by the President of the Royal Photographic Society, F. J. MORTIMER, HON. F.R.P.S., F.R.S.A., *which will remain open at the Society's Gallery, 16, Prince's Gate, S.W.7, until the end of January. Mr. Mortimer is the editor of the "Amateur Photographer," and has specialised for the last forty years in marine photography. All the exhibits in the show are of marine and seascape subjects, some of them of highly topical interest. Admission to the exhibition is free, and now that the exploits of our magnificent Royal Navy are cheering and thrilling every heart, it is obvious that such photographs make a specially strong appeal.*

ALL PEOPLE IN THE NEWS — INCLUDING BRIDES, CHIEF WHIP

MISS TINA BURNETT *(left)* and MISS P. GLYNNE-PERCY, *Mechanised Transport Corps drivers serving with the British-American Red Cross ambulances, spent their afternoon off duty at Nottingham Races.*

The marriage of LIEUT. E. D. B. MAGEE, *Royal Canadian Engineers, son of the late Colonel Magee, to* MISS ALICE B. DEANE, *daughter of the Rev. C. B. Deane, took place at St. Peter's, South Croydon.*

Right:
CAPTAIN *the* HON. JAMES GRAY STUART, M.V.O., M.C., M.P., *has been appointed Joint Parliamentary Secretary to His Majesty's Treasury in place of Captain Margesson. He has been Deputy Chief Whip since 1937, and at the age of forty-three becomes Chief Whip.*

Left: LADY RACHEL STUART *is the wife of the new Chief Government Whip, Captain the Hon. James Stuart. She is a sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and her husband is a brother of the Earl of Moray.*

The marriage of MR. PETER MAXWELL, *Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, to* MISS SUSAN READMAN *took place at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh, which they are here seen leaving.*

STANLEY LUPINO, *the Mother Goose of the Streatham Hill pantomime, has trained his chorines to be ready for anything. Here they are having stirrup-pump drill.*

BRIDEGROOMS, WAR-WORKERS, AND THE NEW AND HIS WIFE.

Left: VIVIEN LEIGH, *the actress, has returned to London with her husband, Laurence Olivier, who is going to join up—the R.A.F., if possible. "Lady Hamilton," their new film, will soon be seen.*

MRS. BERNARD FREYBERG *(right), wife of General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., is supervisor of the New Zealand Forces Club.* MRS. SCOBIE MACKENZIE *is helping her to hang a Maori rug.*

ASSISTANT SECTION OFFICER JOAN EDWARDS, R.A.F., *is a decorative W.A.A.F. officer. She is the only daughter of Mrs. N. F. Peck, and of the late Mr. David Macdonald.*

MISS LYNETTE BUNBURY, *working as a V.A.D. at Chichester Hospital, is a daughter of Mr. Bertram Bunbury, agent to the Duke of Norfolk, and is a granddaughter of the late Lady Harriot Bunbury.*

When MISS GLADYS GARWOOD *left Old Lambeth Palace Church after her wedding to* AIRCRAFTMAN H. MEAD, *a tiny admirer presented her with a lucky horseshoe.*

A party of Barrage Balloon Squad R.A.F. men were entertained the other day at a performance of the Streatham Hill pantomime, "Mother Goose." One of the guests was allowed to help JEAN CARR, *the principal boy, to make up.*

RUINED BEAUTY OF OUR GREAT CITY—AN INDICTMENT OF NAZI METHODS.

The vicar contemplates the ruin. All that remains of a City church whose west window survived the fire of 1666.

View of St. Paul's to-day. Wren's m

It is impossible to contemplate the City of Londo
has left it, without being deeply moved wit
beautiful and historic churches, squares, gard
piles of stone and rubble. These three mag
of Nazi methods of warfare, and give an ad
determination to

PHOTOGRAPH

standing amid a waste of destruction.

Great Fire of Sunday night, December 29, 1940, nd with anger at the sad sight of famous, buildings reduced to charred and distorted hotographs provide an eloquent indictment to our strong will to victory, and to our ct our capital.

BEATON.

CHURCH, SQUARE AND STEEPLE AS THE FIRE RAIDERS HAVE LEFT THEM.

Shakespeare sorrows over the devastation of London. A view of one of the peaceful City gardens as it is to-day.

Dr. Karl Roder (CLIVE BROOK) *discovers Hans* (DEREK FARR) *with his radio, and promises to help him.*

Elly (JOYCE HOWARD), *the sweetheart of Hans, falls into the clutches of the evil Nazis, and is sent to a concentration camp.*

"FREEDOM RADIO"—THE FILM THAT MIGHT WELL BE TRUE.

"FREEDOM RADIO," one of the most eagerly awaited British films, a Two-Cities Columbia picture directed by Anthony Asquith, comes to the Regal on January 24. It deals with the inception and development of an actual anti-Nazi organisation, the famous German Freedom Radio station, and might well be a true tale of romance, heroism and tragedy. Dr. Karl Roder is anti-Nazi, but his wife, a famous actress, believes in the Führer; and only when it is too late are her eyes opened to Hitler's determination to make war, and to his crimes. When the Freedom Radio station sabotages Hitler's speech on Poland, she recognises her husband's voice, and goes to join him, and to face death by his side.

The Nazi tribunal condemns Elly (JOYCE HOWARD) *to the horrors of a concentration camp.*

Irena (DIANA WYNYARD) *and her fanatically Nazi brother, Otto* (JOHN PENROSE).

Left: The Nazis hear the Führer's speech "sabotaged" by the Freedom Radio station of Roder and Hans.

DIANA WYNYARD AS THE "REICH DIRECTOR OF PAGEANTRY."

Irena, lovely in a period costume, returns to her dressing-room after a stage appearance.

The Nazi salute! Irena in Grecian draperies, appears on the stage at a Nazi Party Festival.

Irena begins to doubt whether the Nazi régime is the fine thing she imagined it to be.

DIANA WYNYARD has the opportunity of appearing in some lovely and becoming period costumes as Irena, the actress heroine of "FREEDOM RADIO," the exciting topical Two-Cities Columbia picture due at the Regal on January 24. Irena honestly believes the Nazi régime to be a fine and ideal "New Order," and to the horror of her husband accepts a post as Reich Director of Pageantry. But when her eyes are opened to the nature of the Nazis, she returns to her husband and dies with him.

Left: Well suited by the severe, brushed-up style of coiffure. DIANA WYNYARD *as Irena.*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, *incomparable comedian with a genius for pantomime.*

THEDA BARA, *creator of the screen "vamp."*

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SENIOR, *exponent of action in films.*

GRETA GARBO, *foremost dramatic actress.*

MARY PICKFORD, *prototype of "world's sweetheart" heroine.*

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, *the first great screen lover.*

FRED ASTAIRE, *the great dancer of the screen.*

SPENCER TRACY, *exponent of realism on the pictures.*

TOM MIX, *the actor who popularised the cowboy hero.*

HAROLD LLOYD, *the hero of the comedy of danger and suspense.*

MARIE DRESSLER, *great character and comedy actress.*

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, *the outstanding child actress.*

GUIDING STARS! THE TWELVE GREATEST INFLUENCES IN FILM HISTORY.

THE BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE'S COMMITTEE have just delivered themselves of their opinion as to which are the twelve stars who have made the greatest contribution to the cinema at crucial points in its history. They are the actors and actresses depicted on this page, and it is interesting to note that although some of them are dead, the majority continue to wield an important influence on the screen world. Charlie Chaplin is shown in his original tramp's costume, as the little man who captivated the cinema audiences way back in the days of the silent pictures of 1913. It's hardly necessary to record that he's still making film history with his anti-Nazi picture, "The Great Dictator." Fred Astaire, whose nimble feet are responsible for the fashion of dancing films, made a considerable success on the stage before taking to the pictures in 1933. Mary Pickford, who appeared in many films with her late husband, Douglas Fairbanks, was for years the outstandingly popular screen actress, and created the vogue for the appealing, sentimental, dainty heroine best described as the "world's sweetheart" type. Marie Dressler and Greta Garbo can be listed as fine actresses, the former in character and the latter in dramatic parts, and, of course, Tom Mix is the "father" of every cowboy hero of a Wild and Woolly West film. Spencer Tracy introduced realism, and Shirley Temple the glamour of the child actress.

DO YOU RECOGNISE YOUR OLD FAVOURITES IN "BLITZ"-PRODUCED "QUIET WEDDING"?

Janet (MARGARET LOCKWOOD), *the bride-elect, seems dissatisfied with the coming wedding. Her father, Arthur* (A. E. MATTHEWS), *is trying to find out what's wrong.*

An amusing courtroom scene. MARGARET RUTHERFORD, *as one of the magistrates, observes the consternation which Sir Robert* (O. B. CLARENCE) *registers at a remark made by the Butcher* (WALLY PATCH).

Lady Yeldham (MARGARET HALSTON), *in her pony trap, stops to chat with the garrulous Florence* (JEAN CADELL).

HAY PETRIE *appears as a delightful porter. He is here in conversation with the serious and rather distrait Mr. Chaytor* (FRANK CELLIER).

The First Little Man (IVOR BARNARD) *and Madame Mirelle* (MARTITA HUNT), *the somewhat exotic and very talented dressmaker, cause some surprise in the village shop.*

"QUIET WEDDING," a Paramount release due at the Plaza on January 31, is the first picture to be started and finished in the "*blitz*," and was, indeed, made under intensely difficult conditions. It's the screen version of Esther McCracken's successful comedy, directed by the Hon. Anthony Asquith, and has a cast which includes a most brilliant line-up of stage and screen favourites. The story is a witty domestic comedy dealing with a reluctant bride, and how her problems are solved by the quick wit of a worldly aunt.

Maria (MARGARETTA SCOTT), *as the sister of the bride, in a scene with her amiable and rather weak-minded husband, Jim* (MICHAEL SHEPLEY).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN the past Miss Elizabeth Bowen's stories—the short stories, perhaps, even more than the novels—have been uneasy with presage of disaster, a presage that is sometimes fulfilled, but more often hangs about, a diffused sense of nervous apprehension, poisoning the air. One felt, then, that this omnipresent intuition of danger came rather from some bias of the author's temperament than from a settled conviction that something unpleasant was actually going to happen. Perhaps it did; perhaps Miss Bowen's characters were merely possessed by the unformulated neurotic fears which darkened the lives of so many sensitive people after the war. But in her last and finest novel, "The Death of the Heart," it seemed as though she had decided what the danger was: the title of the book proclaimed it. The heart is the seat of courage as well as of love; fears crowd in when its beat grows fainter. Lack of love, whether in the individual or the community, produces a septic condition of the spirit in which all kinds of evil fancies presently give birth to evil deeds. In "The Death of the Heart" nearly all the chief characters, except one, were indifferent, or actively hostile to each other: and much harm came of it. And now, springing (who knows?) out of the death and corruption of the heart, we have a World War.

Stories of the War.

Unlike most novelists, Miss Bowen does not shrink from tackling the war. Most of the stories in "Look at All ThoseRoses" are unconnected with it, but to two it supplies the subject, and in a third, "Summer Night," the longest and perhaps the most serious story in the collection (considered as works of art, all Miss Bowen's stories are serious although, as commentaries on life, they belong to very different levels of seriousness), its influence is very much felt. The two ladies discussing problems of evacuation and A.R.P. in a Dublin tram come as near to pure comedy as Miss Bowen—a master of comedy, but too concerned with reality to yield herself completely to it—ever gets. "Oh, Madam . . .", a Ruth Draper monologue inferring the presence of an interlocutor, touches deeper strata of feeling; the faithful maid, clearing up the mess in a house in Regent's Park after an air raid, is busy making the best of things to her mistress when she learns, to her dismay and distress, that the mistress has decided to leave the beloved house and seek safety in the country. Her solicitude for her employer, her devotion to the damaged and broken fragments of what had once been her home, are beautifully and touchingly conveyed. In "Summer Night" the disintegration of war is presented indirectly in the lives of a handful of people. Two houses in Ireland, distant from each other, are connected by the motor-car which is bearing the wife of the owner of one to the arms of the owner of the other. Aunt Fran, in the abandoned house, realises that something is wrong without knowing what it is.

> The blood of the world is poisoned, feels Aunt Fran. . . . Not a pure drop comes out at any prick—yes, even the heroes shed black blood. The solitary watcher retreats step by step from his post—who shall stem the black tide coming in? There are no more children: the children are born knowing. The shadow rises up the cathedral tower, up the side of the pure hill. There is not even the past: our memories share with us the infected zone; not a memory does not lead up to this. Each moment is everywhere, it holds the war in its crystal; there is no elsewhere, no other place. Not a benediction falls on this apart house of the Major; the enemy is within it, creeping about. Each heart here falls to the enemy.

"This apart house of the Major," bereft of its mistress, and having given up the attempt to absorb its own poisons, might stand as a symbol of the civilised world.

House in Medusa Terrace.

Of the other stories, which are unconnected with the war, I enjoyed most the title-piece. "Look at All Those Roses" is Miss Bowen at her most brilliant, most imaginative, and most disquieting. Here there is only the hint of something terrible having happened, whereas in "Reduced" it *has* happened: the parsimonious Mr. Godwin would not have got his children a governess so cheap if she had not, for urgent private reasons, been thankful to accept any job that kept her identity secret. "No. 16" shows once again, though no proof is needed, Miss Bowen's amazing gift for catching the atmosphere of a house.

> When she turned the corner into Medusa Terrace, Jane Oates stopped—like everyone else. She instinctively put her hand up, then took her hand from her eyes to see the same thing again—that north-facing terrace of cracked stucco, dank in its own shadow, semi-ruinous, hollow, full of sealed-up echoes. Doors nailed up, windows boarded or stony with grime. In the gardens the snow was trodden black. The place so much expected an instant doom, one felt unsafe standing near it.

Miss Bowen is one of the most articulate novelists now writing: there seems hardly a shade of meaning she cannot convey. Her stories blaze with light, yet they are full of mystery, for each light casts its shadow. Many of these stories are about simple people of the "it-don't-half-hurt" category. It would have been easy for Miss Bowen to make fun of them, and occasionally she does; but she realises that their emotions are much more complex and sophisticated than their speech. Comparative strangers to her gallery of portraits, they are a noteworthy addition to it.

A Child's View.

Alas, it is twenty-five years or more since I read "What Maisie Knew," and I can only remember enjoying the story immensely and admiring Henry James's handling of that most difficult theme a young girl's premature initiation into the behaviour of extremely sophisticated people in the grip of extremely elementary feelings. Maisie "knew" a great deal even though she understood very little, and the author set himself the task of maintaining an abiding contrast between her knowledge and her understanding—a contrast full of dreadful possibilities that always fall just short of being realised. "What Maisie Knew" is a supreme example of the art of skating on thin ice, and could only have been achieved by an almost superhuman delicacy of touch, for the whole story is kept within the convention of comedy and never strays into farce. It could only have been written at a time when the rules of correct behaviour were so well known that the smallest infringement of them caused a shock.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR NEW SERIES OF COLOUR PLATES—THE THIRD NEXT WEEK.

AS announced in our issue of December 25, the New Year resolutions of *The Sketch* included the decision to accede to the numerous requests of readers and to restart a series of amusing colour plates. In our issue of January 1, 1941, we published the first of this new set, a plate in full colour by Mr. David Wright, and NEXT WEEK, JAN. 29, WE ARE PRESENTING THE THIRD.

There is little need to introduce this artist, whose work has already graced so many wardrooms, cabins, messes and billets of serving men.

In making the decision to publish our new series, we have in view the brightening of the hours of leisure of our naval men, soldiers and airmen, and hope thereby to echo the high spirits of our fighting men.

But it is not only to the fighting Services that these plates will make their appeal. Many members of the Civil Defence Services have their lonely posts, which may be enlivened by these sprightly works of art.

For this reason we are publishing the plates loose in the numbers so that they may easily be removed by those who wish to pin them on their walls.

As *The Sketch* is no longer on sale or return, we would recommend any of our readers who have not already done so, to place a regular order with their newsagents, else they may miss one or more of the series. The plates will appear every fortnight.

THE R.A.S.C.'S OWN PANTO.—"ALADDIN" AT SOUTHERN COMMAND GARRISON THEATRE.

Driver AL SMITH, *well known on the variety stage in peacetime, as Slop,* [redacted], *with* CAPTAIN HELMAR FERNBACK, *of B.B.C. fame, as the Vizier, and* SERGEANT BUSH, *in an amusing scene in "Aladdin."*

The four A.T.S. chorus girls of the production: (l. to r.) SUB-LEADER FAY RILEY, SUB-LEADER ANITA FARQUHAR, VOLUNTEER NORA FARQUHAR, *and* VOLUNTEER LILIAN JENKS.

SUB-LEADER MONA FARQUHAR *as the Princess, with* VOLUNTEER ANN HEWITT *as Aladdin.*

AL SMITH *and* SERGEANT BUSH *as the Fairies, in a burlesque dance.*

LIEUT. ROY BUCHANAN-ALLEN *as the Emperor, with* LIEUT. DOUGLAS HOWARTH *as the Genii.*

DRIVER L. G. PIGGOTT, *an architect by profession, the stage manager and designer of the scenery.*

THE Army chose the ever-popular story of "ALADDIN" for its own panto., produced by the ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS in the Southern Command Garrison Theatre, which they built themselves. The scenery was designed by Driver L. G. Piggott, the architect stage manager, and painted by an officer who is a peacetime artist. The A.T.S. beauty chorus includes a girl who was an L.M.S. hotel superintendent and housekeeper, a florist, and an assistant in an art department of a store, while the Princess used to be a librarian and Aladdin was a mannequin in a famous London dressmaker's.

The finale of "ALADDIN," *with the full company. Gilbert Coventry was lent by Firth Sheppard to E.N.S.A. to produce the show, and his wife, Ann Coventry, arranged the dances and ensembles.*

Continued.]

What 's in a Name . . . ?

That time is now past; in fiction illicit love is now the rule, not the exception, and the idea of babes and sucklings knowing what it means will make few hold up their hands in horror. Realising this, Miss Eleanor Farjeon has adapted the theme of "What Maisie Knew" to suit present-day requirements. Her heroine, Adelaide Granby, "Aunt Addie" to her niece, the narrator, knew, apparently, a great deal about love, because she had published forty-nine successful novels in which, we are led to suppose, love of the most burning kind was the main theme; but in old age she professed to her niece that she did not know what "the facts of life" were. However, the documents which fell into the niece's hands at her aunt's death—the letters, the diary, and the first novel, still unpublished—suggested that Miss Granby could not have been ignorant of the physical meaning of love, since she evidently believed that she had, in extreme youth, enjoyed it in her own person. The circumstances were romantic, but not so romantic as the novel the young authoress founded on them. "The Bastard of Pinsk" sparkled with the words used by Elizabethan dramatists to describe the mercenary aspects of the love-racket; Miss Granby had fully appreciated their glamour, though not their meaning. Even the operative word in her title appeared to have misled her. In 1912, when Miss Granby died, the niece, who regarded sex as a serious subject not to be joked about (Miss Farjeon slightly antedates her attitude, which seems to me to belong to the years immediately after the first World War), let the manuscript lie in a drawer; twenty years later she took it to a publisher and recaptured her interest in Miss Granby's secret.

Happily, the interest of Miss Farjeon's story does not depend entirely, or even chiefly, on whether one thinks it funny to see words like "pimp" and "pandar" misused by a young girl. "The Bastard of Pinsk," the full text of which is incorporated in the book, is an amusing period piece; when the joke begins to pall, the author generally finds some ingenious way of refreshing it. She has a sense of style, a sense of period, and a gift of phrase; she makes of Miss Granby's novel something more than a mere literary exercise. And the contrast between this grandiose fruit of the imagination and the poor little seed of experience from which it sprang is really touching. Neither as a novelist nor as a woman did Miss Granby have much contact with life; exactly how much, was a mystery to which she herself does not seem to have possessed the key, but the reader will form his own conclusions. Stripped of the elements of farce and fantasy and the underlying note of tenderness which enrich and soften it, "Miss Granby's Secret" would be a very cruel story; as presented by Miss Farjeon it is still cruel, but romantic and pathetic too.

Vagrants in Australia.

You cannot have a picaresque novel without vagrancy; and one reason why good picaresque novels are now rare is that vagrancy, in any thickly-populated country with a predominately urban, industrial civilisation is apt to be a squalid affair. The forces of law and respectability frown on it, and the countryside, crawling with motor-cars and motor-buses, robs it of romance. "Lavengro" could not have been written to-day. But there still exist countries in which vagrancy, if not exactly an honourable, is a recognised, accepted and crowded calling, and one of these is Australia. There they are called "battlers." Miss Kylie Tennant's long and absorbing novel introduces us to a number of these tramps or hoboes, casually collected round Snow, the sheep-stealer. Except for his two spells of absence from the "track," one in hospital and one in prison, the party tends to cling together, though its chief members had at first little in common beyond a common interest in finding a livelihood. Certain towns had a fixed day for paying the dole to such people as these; if they did not get there in time they missed it, and their movements were therefore to some extent dictated by a time-table. In between, they found casual occupations, sheep-shearing in the men's case; "faking" (that is, hawking) various odds and ends in the women's. In this story a sentimental interest is slow to develop. Snow is lovelessly married to Molly, whom he deserts for months at a time; but marriage means more to him than love, and the toothless charms of Dancy, the little Cockney "stray" he had collected much against his will, pass unnoticed, like her devotion. She is a charming character; Miss Phipps, so grand and ladylike, an impressive one; and "Loony" Harry Postlewaite, the Apostle "with a roving commission in hell," an unusually convincing portrait of a saint. He supplies the intellectual interest of the book, and his views on modern civilisation are well worth pondering over. "The Battlers" is an unusual and refreshing book, and one in which the omens for the future seem more hopeful than they do in most.

Here are some typical technical INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE *discovered by our artist at a station he visited one day recently.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Look at All Those Roses. By Elizabeth Bowen. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Miss Granby's Secret. By Eleanor Farjeon. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
The Battlers. By Kylie Tennant. (*Gollancz; 9s. 6d.*)

AWARDED THE 1940 "OSCAR."

KATHARINE HEPBURN has been given the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures Arts and Sciences (commonly known in the film world as an "Oscar") for the best individual piece of acting of 1940, for her performance in "Philadelphia Story." This film, which has not yet been seen in England, is based on the play by Philip Barry, in which Miss Hepburn scored such a big success on the New York stage in 1939. This is the second occasion on which she has won an "Oscar," for she got her first one in 1933 for her performance in "Little Women," her first big picture. Her other screen hits include "A Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong," "The Little Minister," and "Quality Street."

Right: The Gothic drapery of this white silk-crêpe gown helps to accentuate the remarkable slenderness of KATHARINE HEPBURN'S *waist.*

This flowing bridal gown of pink-and-mauve mousseline is one of the dresses which the star wore in the M.-G.-M. film, "Philadelphia Story," which won her the 1940 best-acting award.

Right: To soften straight lines, this blue-and-white check country frock is adorned with pleated ruching. The high, tight girdle moulds Miss Hepburn's 24-inch waist.

PILLOW SLIP.*

By FRANK KING.

THE pyjama-clad body of Richard Gordon still lay sprawled on the thick carpet, where it had been found a couple of hours earlier, awaiting the ambulance to convey it to the mortuary. Inspector Bealby, in charge of the case, was making his final notes. He lifted his head enquiringly at the sound of a car drawing up on the terrace outside. Sergeant Kennedy, leaning from the bedroom window, recognised the tall figure that alighted.

"Lumme!" he exclaimed. "Here 's Mr. Talent!"

A shadow of anxiety crossed the Inspector's keen, alert features. "Nothing for Mr. Talent here," he muttered. "All quite simple and straightforward. Better let him in, Sergeant."

Sergeant Kennedy hid a smile as he hurried away, glad to escape before the stormy petrel arrived. Everyone at Scotland Yard knew Simon Talent, admired him for his uncanny skill in detection and deduction, feared him for his biting tongue and condemnation of anyone who made a mistake.

At first sight not an attractive personality, this Simon Talent. He was tall and powerful, with dark, sardonic features, made all the more forbidding by the scar on his right cheek which twisted his mouth into a permanent sneer. But his degrees in medicine and law were the highest attainable, his knowledge of medical jurisprudence unsurpassed. Though his official status at the Yard was that of Pathological Adviser to the Home Office, he had, in effect, a roving commission for the investigation of crime.

"'Morning," he said. "What have we here? Notebook, Miss Fraser."

The girl who had followed him into the room sat down with her attaché-case on her knees. Ruth Fraser had been private secretary to Simon Talent for three years. All her friends wondered how she had managed to put up with her employer's caustic temper for so long. Ruth told them that she found her work fascinating, which was true. She did not tell them that she was probably the only person in the world who knew Simon Talent's true character. Occasionally, through the assumed mask of cold, machine-like efficiency, she had caught a glimpse of the real man behind: warm, generous, understanding.

Inspector Bealby cleared his throat as she opened her notebook. "Not much in your line, Sir, I think," he said. "Burglary and murder. As you can see, Mr. Gordon 's been suffocated. The surgeon puts the time of death at between midnight and two."

The dead man was about sixty years of age. After one glance at the contorted features, Simon Talent nodded.

"Suffocation confirmed," he snapped at Ruth. "Go on, Bealby."

"Yes, Sir." The Inspector glanced at his notes. "He 's a retired stockbroker, very wealthy, a widower with one son, Fred. The young fellow 's a bit wild—drinks too much—and frequently quarrelled with his father, though not seriously. There 's no other family. The household consists of a butler, Crayshaw; a housekeeper, and several maids. I 've taken statements from everyone, but got nothing of importance. The clue to the whole business lies in the fact that Mr. Gordon possessed a very valuable heirloom, the Gordon rubies."

"I 've heard of them."

"So has every crook in London, Sir. Though probably not many are aware that Mr. Gordon always kept them in this safe." Bealby pointed to an open wall-safe, with keys still hanging from its lock. "The fact that the murderer must have had some inside knowledge may narrow things down a bit."

"H'm!" Simon grunted sceptically. "Easy enough to pick up information of that sort by watching the house. Let 's stick to facts."

"Yes, Mr. Talent. Some time during the night someone climbed in through this window. There are fresh scratches on the slate roof of the veranda just outside, and the creeper is torn and crushed."

"Window forced?"

"Mr. Gordon always slept with it open. There 's a faint imprint made by a dusty shoe on the white paint inside. We 've measured and photographed it, but——"

"Too vague to be of much use." Simon Talent studied the print for a moment, then gazed through the window at the roof of the veranda. "Method of entry confirmed. Anything more?"

"The rubies are gone, Sir. No fingerprints on the safe—or anywhere else. Murder was discovered by the butler when he brought Mr. Gordon's morning tea. That 's all, Sir."

"What 's that damp spot on the carpet near the door?"

"The butler dropped the tray when he found the body lying here."

"No one heard anything during the night?" Talent looked at the tumbled bedclothes. "Put up a struggle. How was he suffocated?"

"With that pillow."

"Let 's see the butler. And Fred Gordon."

Crayshaw, the butler, was a quiet, middle-aged man. Ruth took down his statement, which added little to what Inspector Bealby had already said. The shock of finding his master murdered had caused him to drop the tray. He had removed the pillow, and seen at once that nothing could be done. Mr. Fred had come hurrying along and notified the police.

On Talent's instructions, Crayshaw lifted the pillow from the bed and laid it across Richard Gordon's face as he had found it.

"Confirm that?" asked Simon, turning to Fred Gordon.

The young fellow nodded. He was about thirty, with pleasant, rather weak features, nervous and worried. He carried his right arm in a sling, and avoided looking at the body of his father.

"Yes," he agreed. "That 's just how it was."

"What 's wrong with your arm, Mr. Gordon?"

"Fractured radius. Fell downstairs a week ago."

"Drunk?"

"No business of yours."

"It might be. Who was the last person to see your father alive?"

"I was, I suppose. As a matter of fact, both Crayshaw and I were with him in the bathroom about eleven last night. Crayshaw had just mixed his salts for him—he took them every night for his rheumatism—when I came upstairs. I hung around until he 'd finished in the bathroom, then went in myself. He stood talking to me for a few minutes before going to his own room. After I 'd got to mine—the next to this—I heard him moving about a bit before he settled."

"But you didn't hear anything during the night?"

"No. And I can't understand that." Fred Gordon's nervousness increased. "I 'm such a light sleeper. I always know if anything 's going on in the house. For instance, this morning I heard Crayshaw pass along the corridor with father's tea. I heard him knock on the door and open it; and a moment later the crash of the tray. Set my heart beating, I can tell you, because I knew something must be wrong. Crayshaw 's usually so quiet. I jumped out of bed at once and came along. This door was wide open. It was a shock, as you 'll realise. I could see my father lying there, with Crayshaw just pulling the pillow away from him. One glimpse of his face told me what had happened. I ran down to the 'phone."

"Your bedroom anywhere near here, Crayshaw?"

"No, Sir," replied the butler. "I sleep in the far wing."

"You wouldn't hear anything, then." Simon turned back to Gordon. "You can confirm that the rubies have been stolen?"

"Yes. They were the first thing I thought of when I came back from the 'phone. The safe was open, just as it is now. I could see without touching it that the rubies were missing."

"Are you sure they were in the safe?"

"Father always kept them there."

"All right. Thank you. That will do for the present."

When Fred Gordon and the butler had gone, Simon Talent moved back to Inspector Bealby. His dark face was inscrutable.

"Those are the facts. Let 's hear what you make of them."

"It seems fairly certain that the burglar knew where to lay his hands on the rubies. He climbed quietly in through the window, but before he got what he wanted, Mr. Gordon wakened. I expect he was a bit confused—just called out 'Who 's that?', or something of the kind. Signed his own death-warrant." Bealby coughed self-consciously. "Perhaps the burglar didn't intend to kill; perhaps he only intended to quieten the old boy. Anyhow, he grabs the pillow and holds it over Mr. Gordon's face. Mr. Gordon evidently puts up a good fight. He manages to struggle out of bed, but collapses soon afterwards. His keys are about somewhere, and it doesn't take the burglar long to open the safe and clear off with the rubies."

"And you think that could happen without disturbing Fred Gordon in the next room?"

"It 's a well-built house, Sir."

"Yet Gordon heard his father moving about earlier on. Still, I dare say he sleeps more soundly than he thinks."

Simon Talent paced to and fro for a while.

"Look here, Bealby," he said suddenly. "I 'm not altogether satisfied about this case. There 's something—I can't put my

[Continued overleaf.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WOMEN IN WARTIME

SUITS AND THEIR SWEATERS

WOMEN who are doing civilian war work find that a tailored suit makes a very practical "uniform." The model on the right is made by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, in grey Harris tweed, but they will copy it in various materials and colours. The high-buttoned jacket shows the new longer line, without exaggeration, and the skirt is designed for action.

THIS year, stimulated by many urgent demands, English designers are showing their special aptitude for models to answer wartime needs. At Jay's, in Regent Street, they have an attractive collection of these practical suits in the Ready-to-Wear Department on the second floor. Besides tweeds and three-piece suits for the country, they show the dress-and-jacket ensembles that many women find more flattering than a classic tailor-made. The frock above, with its swinging skirt and turn-down collar, is in soft grey woollen ; its collarless jacket is a lighter grey, cleverly striped in heather purple, and could be worn over other frocks.

EVERYONE will plan her dress budget more carefully than usual this spring, but sweaters will still be among the main items. They can be worn so often, and they make such a difference to last year's suits. Finnigans, 17, New Bond Street, are showing jerseys and cardigans in fresh, glowing shades that would revive any outfit. Their model on the right, with its unusual collar, is in cashmere—always a good investment since it washes and wears so well. They have spotted cashmeres, too, good with plain cardigans in either of the colours, and sturdy-looking sports sweaters.

Continued.]

finger on it yet—not quite right. Facts don't tally as they should. Have you considered the possibility of it being an inside job, with those clues on the veranda put there to fool us ? "

" I have, Sir," agreed the Inspector. " I thought of that at once. But there are only two men in the house. With his broken arm, Fred Gordon couldn't possibly have suffocated his father."

" Suppose the victim had been drugged. Perhaps in those salts ? "

" In that case there 'd have been no struggle. We 'd have found his body in bed, not on the floor."

" Yes. What about Crayshaw ? "

" I can't imagine him taking the risk of sneaking along in the night, knowing that Fred was such a light sleeper."

" You 're right, of course. They 're both out of it. And I can't pick any holes in your reconstruction of what actually happened. What steps are you proposing to take now ? "

" Concentrate on the rubies, Mr. Talent, in the hope that they 'll lead us to the murderer. Unless you 've anything to suggest ? "

" I think not. But wait until I 've examined the body." Simon removed the pillow from Richard Gordon's face. Something attracted his attention at once, and he dropped on his knees, closely scrutinising the small cut on the dead man's lip. " You didn't tell me about this, Bealby," he said sharply.

" That cut, Sir ? It didn't seem of any importance."

" It didn't seem—look at it, man ! See that tiny clot of congealed blood adhering to it ? No wonder I felt we might be missing something ! Surely you realise how it alters everything ? "

" I—I 'm afraid I don't, Sir."

" No promotion for you in this case, Bealby." Simon continued his examination. It was quite a while before he rose to his feet.

" See that no one leaves the house, Bealby," he snapped. As the Inspector hurried out, he turned to Ruth. " Well, you 've got all the evidence down there. Who 's the murderer ? "

It wasn't often she saw that quizzical expression in his dark eyes. It meant he was pleased with himself. At the moment she was too astounded at his question to do anything but gasp.

" Are you telling me—it 's an inside job after all ? "

" Definitely an inside job."

" But you agreed that neither Crayshaw nor Fred Gordon could have come in here and suffocated——"

" Quite right. No one did come in here. Either through the door—or through the window——"

" Then how on earth——"

He laughed at her bewilderment. It was a strangely gentle laugh.

" Wait a minute. There 's just one point to clear up. Bealby 'll want proof, and——" He broke off, staring at a photograph on the dressing-table. " That doesn't look like a studio portrait, does it ? It might give us all we need."

As he picked up the snapshot of Richard Gordon from the dressing-table, Inspector Bealby returned.

" There 's a constable at the front door, Sir," he reported. " And I 've told Sergeant Kennedy to keep his eye on the back."

" Good." Simon's voice was harsh. " Now I want to point out to you something which I think you ought to have noticed for yourself. Your idea is that a struggle occurred in here last night, and that Richard Gordon was suffocated by a pillow pressed over his face ? "

" Yes, Sir."

" Then how do you account for the tiny clot of blood adhering to that small cut on his upper lip ? Surely, during the struggle, it should have been rubbed away by the pillow ? "

" I hadn't thought——" Bealby flushed as he realised the implication of the argument. " But does it follow, Mr. Talent ? It may have been rubbed off, setting the cut bleeding again. That particular bit of clot may have formed after Gordon was suffocated."

" Dead men don't bleed, Bealby. Besides, if anything of the sort had happened, there must have been traces of blood on the pillow. Are there ? "

" No, Sir."

" Then we 're driven to the conclusion that Gordon was not suffocated with the pillow."

" I suppose so," agreed the Inspector doubtfully. " But wouldn't what you say about the blood clot apply with equal force to any other form of suffocation, manual or——"

" Precisely. Therefore Gordon wasn't suffocated—in that way."

" The surgeon said——"

" The surgeon was fooled by the pillow—just as the murderer intended him to be. And you fell into the same trap. Not too good, Bealby." Simon's voice softened. " Perhaps I can hardly blame you for not suspecting the alternative ; it 's so definitely a medical point. Have you ever seen a case of cyanide poisoning ? "

" Yes, I—— Heavens, Sir ! Do you really mean——"

" Cyanide kills by paralysing the muscles of respiration. The victim can't breathe. He dies with exactly the signs of suffocation that you see here—blue face, staring eyes, foam at the mouth. Our murderer 's no fool. He knows that cyanide cannot be recovered from a body after death unless the post-mortem examination is done very early. It 's true that the presence of certain chemical compounds into which it breaks down may be demonstrated by complicated methods. But who 's likely to be on the look-out for these compounds when death is supposed to be due to suffocation by a pillow ? "

Ruth chuckled at the bewilderment on Bealby's face, forgetting how amazed she had been herself a few moments ago.

" A really clever scheme," Simon went on. " By making us believe in a fabulous burglar, the murderer not only ensures that we don't find out how Richard Gordon really died, but also sends us looking all over London for the rubies. If it hadn't been for that one little slip about the pillow, he 'd have got away with it."

" He had got away with it," muttered Bealby, " until you came. But we 've no proof, Sir——"

" We 'll find those compounds I 've mentioned when we do the post-mortem. And I think we can take things a stage further now. Here 's what must have happened. Some time during yesterday the murderer laid his false clues on the veranda and inside the window. Last night he administered poison to Richard Gordon in those rheumatism salts. Cyanide acts quickly—and painfully. Probably the victim had only just got into bed when the spasms seized him, making him writhe in agony. He managed to get up ; but before he could call for help, the deadly stuff did its work, and he dropped to the floor. That 's what Fred Gordon heard from the next room."

" Either he or Crayshaw must be our man," said Bealby.

" Crayshaw, without a doubt. Remember that the plan was not complete yet. The rubies were still in the safe, the pillow on the bed."

" But you agreed that Crayshaw daren't sneak in and ——"

" Why did he drop the tray ? He knew that the clatter would bring Fred Gordon along—just in time to see him handling the pillow, as though lifting it from the dead man's face. He knew that Fred would immediately rush off to the 'phone. And that gave him time to open the safe with Gordon's keys and slip the rubies into his pocket."

" Then they 're still in the house. We 'd better search——"

" Wait a minute. Perhaps we can do better than that. It 's not too easy for the ordinary man to get hold of cyanide in any shape or form. But potassium cyanide is used in photography, and an amateur would have no difficulty in obtaining a supply." Simon took the snapshot of Richard Gordon from its silver frame and studied it. " A home-made enlargement. Perhaps we 've an amateur photographer in the house ; perhaps, even, a dark-room. Leave this to me, Bealby."

Ruth followed him from the bedroom and down the stairs into the big, comfortable hall, where Gordon sat smoking a cigarette while Crayshaw poured out coffee. Simon exhibited the snapshot.

" Can you tell me who took this ? " he asked.

They both looked at him in surprise : then Fred replied : " Crayshaw. He 's quite a dab at it."

" It 's a good snap. Could I see the negative ? "

The butler hesitated a moment.

" Certainly, Sir," he said then. " I 'll fetch it."

" I 'll come with you. Always interested in a fellow amateur's efforts. Got a good dark-room ? "

" Mr. Gordon was kind enough to allow me to convert a pantry——"

" Fine ! Let 's have a look at it."

Crayshaw turned slowly away. Ruth's heart began to beat furiously as she followed along a short corridor into a small room near the kitchen. The man must realise that something had gone wrong with his plans. He 'd be desperate—dangerous, perhaps.

The pantry had been fitted out with shelves containing chemicals, and a work-bench was littered with photographic apparatus. Crayshaw opened a drawer and took from it a negative album. Simon's gaze fixed on a bottle half-filled with red liquid.

" This the developer you use ? " he asked, reaching for the bottle. " I wonder if you 'd mind——"

He broke off as Crayshaw dropped the album and made a dash for the door, slamming it behind him. The lock clicked. There was a confused sound of scuffling outside. Soon the door opened again, and Inspector Bealby advanced, pushing the handcuffed butler before him.

" This the additional proof you expected, Sir ? " he enquired.

" Yes," agreed Simon. " As soon as he realised that I 'd tumbled to his hiding-place, he tried to clear out."

Ruth lifted the bottle to the light.

" But there 's nothing in here, Sir ! " she exclaimed.

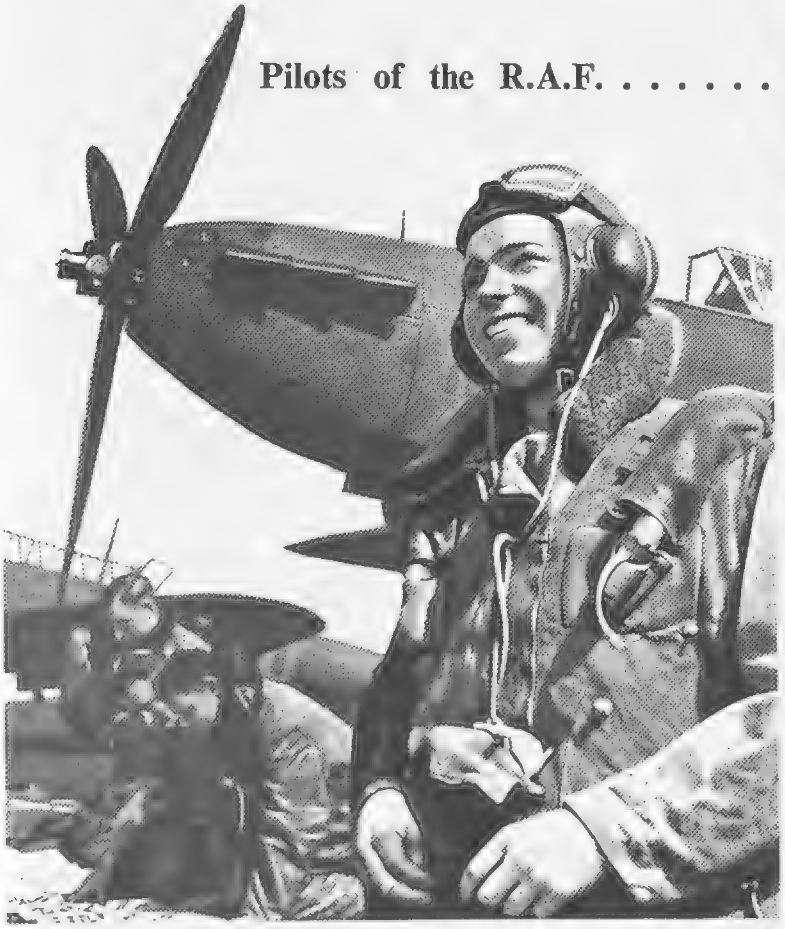
" Shake it, Miss Fraser."

Something tinkled inside the bottle as Ruth obeyed. Simon Talent took it from her, and carefully poured out its contents.

" You can't see red rubies in red liquid," he explained. " But you can see them now, can't you ? A clever stunt—in keeping with all the rest of it." His dark eyes were quizzical again as they rested on her. " I think Inspector Bealby has all he wants. We 'd better get back to the office and see if we 're wanted anywhere else."

[THE END.

Pilots of the R.A.F. . . . . . .



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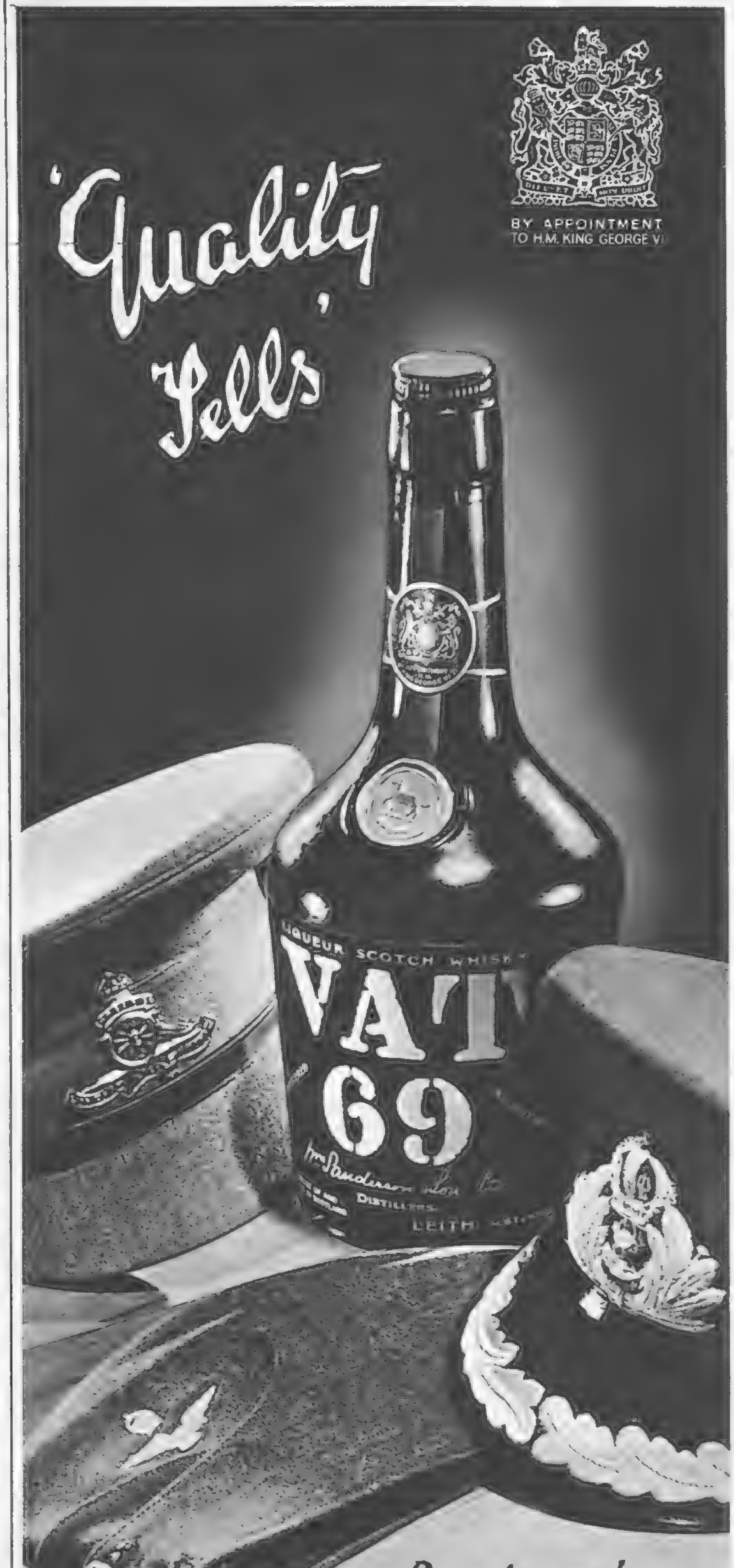

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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FAMOUS RESTAURANT.

"ME? Oh, I 'm very fit, thanks. And how are you?"

"The Stock Exchange hours aren't so long as those at the War Office. Apart from that, I like the work all right. . . ."

"I 'm too old, my boy. They won't let me. Anyway, it 's better than standing about the market all day with nothing to do. Are you doing much? Sit down and have a smile. Four pink gins, steward."

"Here 's tae us!" and The Air Marshal took his tonic like a man. "Won't you be seated, Sir?"

The Broker said he was waiting for two people to lunch. "Seeing my old pal here"—and he touched the War House officer on the shoulder—"I couldn't resist the pleasure of speaking to him."

"You didn't use to talk like that to me in the Stock Exchange. Now, did you, you old rascal? Sit down and tell us what 's going on."

"Your aircraft companies should be doing well," observed The Air Marshal. "When we 've finished off Hitler, I foresee a colossal expansion in aviation."

"And won't there be an enormous amount of ship-building?" asked The Admiral. "In the last war, shipping shares went so sky-high that I put all my money into them, and I 've had little more than my pay to live on ever since."

"Oh, but you 're coming home now," The Broker protested. "Besides, the two things, shipping and ship-building, aren't quite the same, although they are dependent to a large extent upon one another."

"But aircraft companies——" persisted The Air Marshal.

"Most of the well-known industrial concerns are so heavily taxed that they can't hand out big dividends," The Broker answered. "We shall have to wait until we 've won the war to see what their real earning capacity is."

"Bound to come right in the long run. Don't you think so? Not that I know anything about these things."

"It 's a matter of waiting," replied The Broker. "Ready for your other half? Waiter, same again, please. Excuse me a moment: I really must book a table; this place is so popular just now."

He paused to watch the two revolving rods upon which chickens, lengthwise, are roasted in front of the grill.

"Great idea, that!" he turned to say to The Staff Captain. "Reminds me of the days when my dear old grandmother used to roast joints of meat on a clockwork jack, hung by a brass chain from the mantelpiece in the kitchen. Cheerio, gentlemen! Now I have to be off: my guests have arrived. . . ."

"Chicken for all of us," The Broker ordered. "Wings for the ladies."

"But not to enable them to fly away!" his partner expostulated.

"We will have lunch first," The Lady reassured him. "And as this is to be a purely business meeting, I feel sure you won't mind if I remind you that the purpose of our visit——"

"Mother, don't be garrulous. What we wanted to consult you about," The Daughter continued, "was my thousand pounds in Consols."

"Thousand pounds," repeated The Broker. "I thought your Mother's letter said ten thousand pounds."

"Did it?" said The Lady. "How foolish of me! Do you know, I 'm always making mistakes like that. But never mind: we thought it was so very kind of you to invite us to talk it over at lunch."

"You see," The Capitalist explained, "we know nothing about stocks and shares, and as you know everything, we thought you might be able to suggest how I could exchange into something else that will bring in more than twenty-five pounds a year."

"Less tax," added her father. "It 's got to be safe, though. How about aviation shares?"

"You wouldn't call them perfectly safe," The Broker replied. "The Excess Profits Tax hits them rather badly now."

"Father thought of brewery shares."

"Quite good investments—for after the war. Not so gilt-edged as Consols, of course, and fairly speculative as the business is at present. The profits are being affected by high costs and restricted supplies, not to mention possible damage to properties by enemy action."

"Life is very difficult, isn't it?" She said plaintively. "And I did want to get this settled before I joined the Ats, or the Waafs, or the Wrens."

"It was munitions last night," her father remarked. "So you have changed your mind again?"

"If you care to exchange an absolute security for the ordinary shares in an industrial company," said The Broker, "Vickers shares will bring you in twice the income that Consols give you."

"Are the shares very ordinary?" She asked.

"Oh, quite. And a sound investment. Then there are London Brick ordinary, which will give you a high return on your money. Some of the ordinary shares in the best-class electric companies can be trusted to pay you 4½ to 5 per cent.——"

"You advise me to sell my Consols and to buy these shares?"

"I certainly do not, unless you are fully prepared to take risks."

"I don't want to take risks, but I do want more money. Everything 's gone up so much that I just can't make do on my present dividends—measly things!"

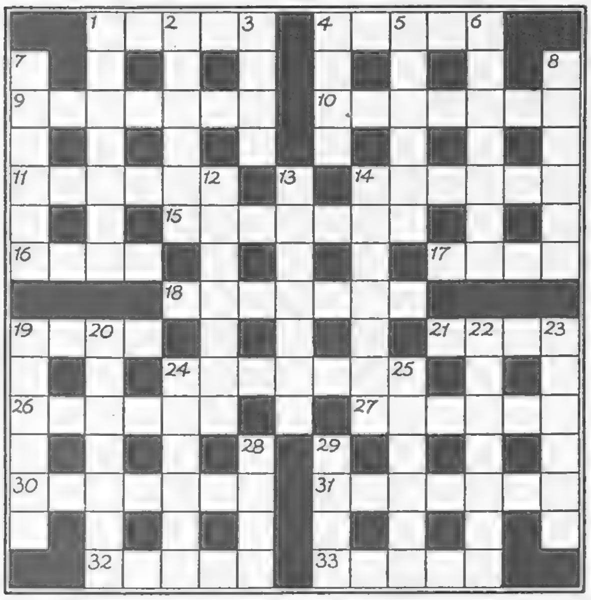
"Then I had better try to find some really safe investment that will pay you 4 per cent., and write to you in a day or two."

"That 's the best thing to do," agreed The Lady. "What a delightful lunch you have given us! Thank you so much. I do hope we shall come here again; don't you, John?"

But The Broker, looking thoughtful, called for the bill.

Friday, Jan. 17, 1941.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.



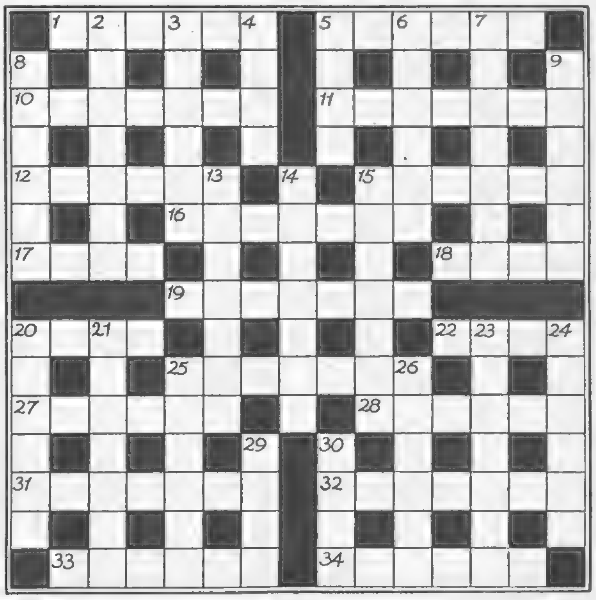
ACROSS.

1. Woodland deity (5).
4. Hooded reptile (5).
9. Pushed violently (7).
10. A blessing near to meat (7).
11. It answers itself (6).
14. Old Spanish pastime (6).
15. In reference to shelter (7).
16. Periodic fruit (4).
17. Image (4).
18. Occupation for you only? (7).
19. Musical plant (4).
21. Air (4).
24. Sneering (7).
26. Here 's for the open——(6).
27. Pick up this and continue (6).
30. There 's an early or a late one (7).
31. We hope life will soon be this (two words; 3, 4).
32. Helps a lot (5).
33. Rod, pole or perch (5).

DOWN.

1. We don't trust him (7).
2. Money talks with this man (6).
3. Uncultivated (4).
4. "All square" (4).
5. Humorist's stock-in-trade (6).
6. We hope No. 2 Down won't (7).
7. It 's a sure thing with the Navy (6).
8. Insert a penny and you get two tails (6).
12. Be good, or she 'll have you! (7).
13. Have faith in (7).
14. Give him fifty and the rustic becomes amiable (7).
19. Roll (6).
20. Shuffling (7).
22. "Ten care" (anag.; 7).
23. Dangerous computators (6).
24. Spirit of good or evil (6).
25. Jewish confines (6).
28. If No. 2 Down does No. 6 Down, this is on him (4).
29. These rodents associate with an emperor (4).

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.



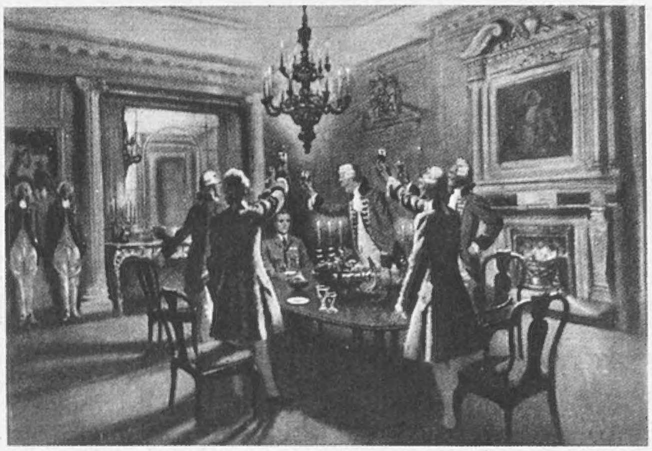
ACROSS.

1. Boat-rocking fops (6).
5. The nocturnal cyclist, for instance, should if he hasn't (6).
10. Suggests that the fowl thinks this plant foul (7).
11. Not the era of swindling, but boisterous behaviour (7).
12. In strife she is a user of soap and water (6).
15. He seems in better physical condition to be a mechanic (6).
16. Carrots in the aviary (7).
17. "Rich and ——— were the gems she wore" (Moore; 4).
18. This is by no means a nonentity to dye manufacturers (4).
19. Legal wrath? (7).
20. How actors and actresses have their fling, perhaps (4).
22. Street of literary hacks (4).
25. Story-teller (7).
27. Another letter and the friends would be nothing but falsehoods (6).
28. To lend in sorrowful fashion (6).
31. The supplications of Ophelia—or Orsino's, perhaps (7).
32. Little Russian in Czechoslovakia (7).
33. A fragile fuel-carrier? (6).
34. Deliver a blow (6).

DOWN.

2. Where wives were merry (7).
3. The revolutionary coming back at the end of the meadow may be the chief (6).
4. "It is I," the bird seems to say, though less grammatically (4).
5. Haughtiness on the melody-maker's part (4).
6. Is the post for the Khedive of Egypt? (6).
7. Cheer up (7).
8. He reveals her swine in a different way (6).
9. The bird might remind one of the spirit of motoring (6).
13. These are best, possibly (7).
14. "Earth!, render back from out thy breast A remnant of our ——— dead!" (Byron; 7).
15. It does not mean that the paviour lost strength (7).
20. Continue doing odd jobs for the ferryman (6).
21. Pungent passion, but just cross in heraldry (7).
23. Its purpose is to moor the punt (3 hyphen 4).
24. Dracula's counterparts in the Army? (6).
25. It does not always contain a musician's best performance, however (6).
26. A plane that puts people to flight (6).
29. Belgian river (4).
30. The tricks of befuddled sailors (4).

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR



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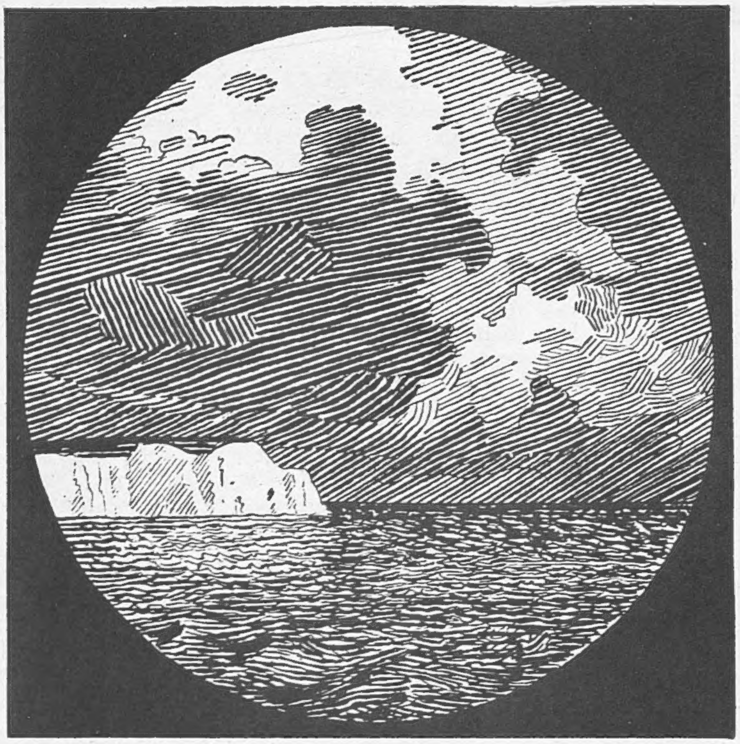

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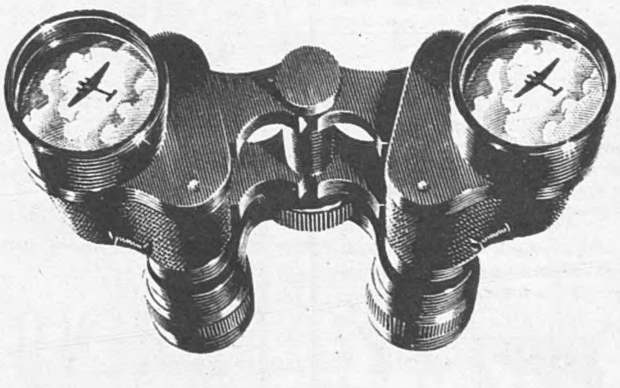

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCCLXXXIII.

WHY I PREFER TRUMP PLAY.

NO-TRUMP play is preferred by most bridge players for three reasons: (1) only nine tricks are needed for game; (2) the hands, as a rule, are easy to play; (3) there is not that bother about the best use to make of trumps—for, of course, there are no trumps to bother about. That I think, is the view of the majority, but it is not mine. No doubt I am peculiar, but it is for the very reason that you *have to* bother about the best way to use trumps that I prefer trump play. And there are so many different ways in which trumps have to be exploited—it might be said that nearly every hand requires different treatment. The situations in which dummy's trumps must be used to ruff losers are too common to warrant an example, but just vary the situation slightly and you (South) have an entirely different proposition. Thus the contract is four spades, and when West leads a heart, dummy (North) lays down—

W

Spades—K, Q, Kn, 9, 8.			Spades—10, x.
Hearts—A, x, x.	S	N	Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—A, x, x, x.			Clubs—Q, Kn, 10, x.
Diamonds—x.			Diamonds—K, Kn, x, x, x.

E

it is clear that you must lose a spade, a diamond, and two hearts unless you can ruff a heart in dummy. Your best chance to do this is to deceive the enemy as to the position of the heart ace; hold up that ace at trick No. 1 and hope that another will be led, when you trump the third round with dummy's ten. If you take trick No. 1 and return the suit, you just induce the lead of ace and another trump—the very thing you don't want. Now make a little change in this situation, thus—

W

Spades—K, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.			Spades—Q, x.
Hearts—A, x.	S	N	Hearts—x, x.
Clubs—A, x, x, x.			Clubs—Q, Kn, 10, x.
Diamonds—x.			Diamonds—K, Kn, 10, x, x, x.

E

West leads a heart. Now, assuming the club finesse to work (which, of course, is a condition of the other hand as well), the losers are one heart, one diamond, and two trumps (spades) if they lie awkwardly. Obviously there can be no object in holding up the ace of hearts this time—indeed, it would be very bad play. Trick No. 1 must be taken at once and the suit returned, which may induce opponents to lead trumps, now just what you want, for with the trump suit led the chances of losing two tricks in it are practically nil. So you see in one case you want trumps led; in the other you don't. It is possible—at any rate, worth trying—that opponents may oblige, if you play your cards correctly.

All kinds of other variations of trump play are continually cropping up, especially in the later part of the play. Next week I will give an example how just a comparatively small difference in the layout of the cards necessitates entirely different treatment of the hands so far as the trump suit is concerned.

In the meantime, here is a hand on which South, by careful handling of the trump suit, can make a grand slam—if he is not careful he will lose about three tricks. It may amuse you to work it out—

Spades—A, 5, 4, 3.
Hearts—Q, 10, 8.
Clubs—Kn.
Diamonds—Kn, 9, 8, 7, 2.

N

Spades—K, Q, 7, 6, 2.			Spades—Kn, 10, 9, 8.
Hearts—9, 7, 6.	W	E	Hearts—5, 4, 3.
Clubs—6.			Clubs—Q, 10, 9, 8, 7.
Diamonds—6, 5, 4, 3.			Diamonds—10.

S

Spades—None.
Hearts—A, K, Kn, 2.
Clubs—A, K, 5, 4, 3, 2.
Diamonds—A, K, Q.

Hearts are trumps. West leads the king of spades. North and South to make grand slam.

SOLUTIONS OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLES, JANUARY 15.

"THE SKETCH" CROSS-WORD.

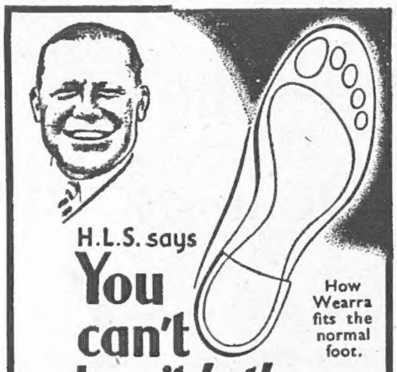
Across.—5. Canopy. 8. Perianth. 9. Strong. 10. In the Air. 11. Leaden. 12. Inveterate. 15. Senor. 16. Smelts. 19. Tartar. 24. Alter. 27. Enunciates. 28. Mirage. 29. Etonians. 30. Cadent. 31. Announce. 32. Passer.

Down.—1. Pennons. 2. Lighten. 3. Invader. 4. Thermal. 5. Castles. 6. Narrate. 7. Pendent. 13. Veer. 14. Toga. 17. Mali. 18. Leet. 20. Ali Baba. 21. Teasels. 22. Reenter. 23. Numeral. 24. Account. 25. Tacitus. 26. Reenact.

"THE SKETCH" DIFFICULT CROSS-WORD.

Across.—1. Mustard. 5. Shallow. 9. Three Brass Balls. 10. Hood. 11. Yemen. 12. Sole. 15. Single. 16. Shorten. 18. Charpie. 19. Toledo. 22. Else. 23. Taint. 24. Bale. 27. Travellers' Tales. 28. Ruffled. 29. Marryat.

Down.—1. Matches. 2. Sir John Falstaff. 3. Amen. 4. Darken. 5. Suspense. 6. Abba. 7. Lily of the Valley. 8. Western. 13. Slept. 14. Colon. 17. Detailed. 18. Chester. 20. Overset. 21. Antrim. 25. Deal. 26. Star.



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